THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 14. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

EASTER OBSERVANCES.

How the Festival of the Resurrection Was Conducted in the Different Catholic Churches of the City.

Brilliant Services at the Cathedral, St. James', St. Jarlath's and the Holy Family—Other Events.

EASTER OBSERVANCES.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

The odor of incense floated from chancel to pew in the Holy Name cathedral, corner of State and Superior streets, Sunday during solemn mass and the Easter exercises of the day. Owing to repairs going on in the church the floral decorations were not as profuse as in former years, yet the absence of the flowers was atoned for in the excellence of the music and the beautiful rendition of Easter hymns. Though other services were held at various hours during the day, the celebration of solemn pontifical mass at 10:30 o'clock in the morning was the principal feature of the exercises. Rt. Rev. P. A. Feehan, D. D., acted as celebrant, assisted by Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons, assistant priest; Rev. F. N. Perry, deacon of mass; Rev. N. J. Mooney, subdeacon; Rev. J. M. Scanlan and Rev. J. P. Dore, assistant deacons. Masters of ceremonies were Rev. Fr. Muldoon and Rev. Fr. Harrington. The musical programme preceded the regular services. A mixed choir of twenty voices rendered the "Miserere" and "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." Beethoven's mass in C was sung and the offertory solo was sung by Mme Verena. Communion music was rendered by Thomaso's mandolin quartet. An Easter sermon was preached by Rev. J. Poland.

AT ST. JAMES'

With all the pomp and ceremony characteristic of the Roman Catholic religion, says the *Herald*, St. James' church, corner Twenty-ninth street and Wabash avenue, celebrated Easter. The altar presented a striking picture, its white and gold furnishings thrown into vivid relief by the dark green tinted walls. Ranged in a semicircle were thirty-eight altar boys, clad in gowns of rich purple, scarlet and white. At the back of the altar, high above the heads of those occupying the pulpit, was a cross of fire, its brightness emphasized by a somber background of dark green. The lights of the white tapers were mingled with the blossoms of Easter lilies, three on each stalk, and, aside from a few cut flowers in vases, that was the extent of the floral decoration.

Rev. Father Dunn, of the Dominician order, of Minneapolis, spoke briefly but eloquently of the resurrection. The music was the feature of the service, and it was well worth going far to hear. There was no set programme, but one of Rossini's masses was sung by the choir during the morning, and nothing sweeter can be imagined than that music. The great pipe organ, in charge of Director Frederick Archer, accompanied the voices of the regular church quartet and about twenty-five volunteers for this occasion. The quartet is composed of Miss Rella Tomlins, contralto; Miss Riley, soprano; Mr. Burton, basso and tenor, and George Wade, bass. Each member of the quartet sang a solo, accompanied by the organ.

AT ST. JARLATH'S.

At St. Jarlath's church, Jackson boulevard and Hermitage avenue, Easter praises were sung at solemn high mass Sunday, with all the attendant splendor of the Catholic church. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor, celebrated the high mass, assisted by Rev. P. O'Connor as deacon and Rev. E. Cox as subdeacon of the mass. The choir was augmented for the occasion by forty voices for the rendition of Glorza's first mass.

Father Cashman delivered the Easter sermon at this mass. Six masses were celebrated at St. Jarlath's Sunday. At the 8:30 mass Rev. Father P. O'Connor preached on "The Resurrection of Our Lord." The attendance at all of the masses was equal to the capacity of the church, while at the high mass there was such a large attendance that people knelt in the vestibule for want of even standing room within.

In the afternoon at 3:30 o'clock vespers were sung and there was benediction at 7:30, when Father Cashman delivered another sermon to his parishioners.

AT THE HOLY FAMILY.

The Church of the Holy Family, corner of Twelfth and May streets, was thronged Sunday at all of the ten masses celebrated in Easter devotion, and at vespers at 3:30 in the afternoon and benediction at 7:30. Commencing at 5 o'clock, mass was celebrated every half hour until 10:30, when solemn high mass was sung with grandeur. At this mass Father Fitzgerald, S. J., president of St. Ignatius college, delivered the sermon. Father Edward Kelly, S. J., was celebrant of the mass; Father C. Lague, S. J., deacon; Father A. Heitkemp, S. J., subdeacon; Father G. Hoeffler, S. J., master of ceremonies.

The music, which was worthy of the character of the celebration, was rendered by a choir of fifty voices, led by the church quartet, consisting of Miss Mary Braddock, soprano; Mrs. C. O'Leary, alto; Mr. Heffernan, tenor; John J. Philon, bass. Professor Thomas Moore presided at the organ. The choir was assisted by an orchestra composed of artists selected from Theodore Thomas' orchestra.

At the 8:30 mass Rev. Father Hanhauser, of St. Louis, preached the sermon, and beffediction. The entire altar boys' society in cassock and surplice served the altar at benediction as at high mass in the morning, presenting an imposing pageant in the brilliantly lighted sanctuary.

AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Solemn high mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's church Sunday. The church was crowded from chancel to door. The only decorations were a few palm leaves about the windows and lilies of the valley. What was lacking in floral decorations was more than made up, however, by the splendor of the altar trimmings. The celebrant of the mass was Father P. A. Sullivan, assisted by Father T. F. Galligan as deacon and Father W. F. Bulfin as subdeacon. The organ was reinforced by an orchestra of fifteen pieces. The sermon was preached by Father T. F. Galligan.

AT ST. MARY'S.

At St. Mary's Catholic church on Wabash avenue as early as 6 o'clock mass was begun. A second mass was said at 7:30, a third at 1, and the solemn high mass at 10:45. At the last named the Rev. Father Curran of the Church of the Holy Cross was the celebrant, the Rev. Father J. G. Gillan deacon, and the Rev. Father E. A. Murphy subdeacon. Albert Sieber was organist, and the choir consisted of Mrs. Anna Meyer, Miss Annie Coffey, Mr. John Wynne, and Mr. Felix Enderlin. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. P. O'Dwyer.

AT OTHER CHURCHES.

At St. Catherine's Catholic church, Austin, the usual Easter services were held, and Father Campbell preached on "The Day of the Resurrection." Flowers were strewn about the altar and Easter hymns were sung.

The altars in St. Ann's church, Garfield boulevard and Wentworth avenue, were banked with flowers of every description. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Crimmins. The musical program was exceptionally fine.

New York's Easter Celebration.

NEW YORK, April 2.—The Easter parade on Fifth avenue has become one of New York's institutions, and before and after church services today and during the forenoon the avenue was the scene of a bewildering exhibition of beauty and styles. In the churches it was the feast of flowers and music. There was not a church but observed the day in some special way, no gentile religious organization but gave it recognition. There were even two purely Jewish congregations which celebrated with flowers and sung of the resurrection. It was, though, in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches that the Easter services reached magnificence. Nearly all these churches were perfect bowers of floral beauty. At St. Patrick's cathedral the pontifical mass was celebrated by Archbishop Corrigan, assisted by twenty-five priests and acolytes, all robed in vestments and garments peculiar to the day. The preacher of the day was Rev. J. Goggin, O. P. Grace church was among the most prominent of the Episcopal churches in Easter celebration. The decorations were especially fine. The church of the Heavenly Rest raised the mortgage which has hung over the church for some time. Special services were held at Old Trinity. The musical programme, arranged by Dr. A. H. Messiter, the organist and choirmaster, was a leading attraction and was probably the most elaborate ever attempted at Easter. A jeweled crucifix was used in the procession for the first time. At St. Andrew's Episcopal church, corner of 127th street and Fifth avenue, $553,000 was raised to pay off an indebtedness on the church property. At St. Thomas', St. Phillip's, St. Bartholomew's, All Souls, Church of the Incarnation and Calvary there were services of more than usual elaboration.

EASTER MONDAY PARTY.

An Easter Monday fancy dress party was given by the younger members of the Sheridan Club Monday night. There was a grand march and the regular dancing programme. In addition, 5-year-old Henry Cummings and 4-year-old Ruth Reddy, danced the sailor's hornpipe. La Mancha was given by Nellie Devlin and Rose Bigley. Clara Hudson entertained her friends with the Highland fling, and the minuet quadrille was gone through with by Daniel Sullivan and Gertrude Sullivan, Henry Cummings and Sarah Gahan, John Tait and Clara Hudson, and David Tait and Grace Reddy. Mrs. Clara E. Shilton closed the party, which extended from 5 to 9 o'clock with the vocal solo, "Barcaralle," by Gounod.

Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames—A. A. Canavan, H. P. Moran, D. B. Quinlan, J. J. Ryan, W. C. Foley, J. J. Kelly, J. T. Young, J. P. Ward, J. E. Baggot, D. J. Simpson, F. A. Devlin, J. Sullivan. Mesdames—A. Cummings, J. G. Tait, H. Phillipi, P. Leonard, M. McDermott, Thomas Flood. Misses—Nana Tracy, Allie Baird, Tessie Borden, F. Heeney, H. O'Brien, A. Cantwell, Utica, N. Y., Tute Borden, C. English, Anna Kelly, A. Brenock, Mamie Carney, Anna Reilly, R. O'Brien. Messrs. R. R. English, E. Hudson, O. R. Traynor, D. G. Borden, James Conlan, L. M. Beattie. Children—girls: Mamie Griffin, May Slottibec, Jennie Magin, Anna Bonfield, Agnes Healy, S. Fitzgerald, Mae Lawless, Stella Trainor, Lizzie Tracy, Mary Bonfield, Eva Gregory, May Fitzgerald, Edna Simpson, Anna Magin, Agnes Braden, Eva Healy, A. Hennessey, Edith Leonard. Children—boys: George Young, Alfred Gregory, V. O'Malley, John Tait, Gene Foley, Charles Young, Robert Gregory, H. Cummings, Lewis Cox, Charles Foley, Philip Tracy, A. Cummings, E. Cummings, Ambrose Cashin and many others.

JOE CHOATE'S GRUNT

Dwelt Upon in Scathing Terms by Patrick Ford in the "Irish World."

The Presumption and Ignorance of the Boorish Knownothing Fully Exposed.

In concluding a very able article on Judge H. Choate's ruffianly speech at the banquet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in New York the *Irish World* says: Mr. Choate wants to know, "What offices, great or small, have the Irishmen of America not taken?" They have taken no offices except such as were given them by the will of the people. They would hold no offices at all if the Tories of America had their way. And when all are counted up it will be seen that "the Irishmen of America" have not now and never did have one-half the number of offices their numerical strength entitles them to. This statement may sound strange to Mr. Choate, but it is capable of verification. By "the Irishmen of America," it should be noted, Mr. Choate means not merely adopted citizens born in Ireland, but also "their children and their children's children"—that is, native-Americans running back for generations. He and his set regard no man as "American" unless he has English blood in his veins. If, however, one be an Irish Orangeman, as E. L. Godkin of the *Evening Post* is—the same Godkin who rapturously applauded the same Choate for having "kicked to pieces Blaine's platform" in the pro-Mugwump movement of 1885—he will be allowed to pass for an American, seeing that he worships at the shrine of the approved Anglomen's persuasion.

For a hundred years past by far the largest single stream of immigration to this country has been Irish and Catholic; the points of arrival have been mainly in New York City and Boston, and yet in all that time New York City has seen but three Catholics in the mayor's chair, and Boston put [illegible] are told the Catholic Irish control the politics of these two cities. Brooklyn, too, is said to be "run" by the Catholic Irish; and yet no man of the creed and race has ever been mayor of Brooklyn! In the entire history of New York, whether as province or state, no Catholic has ever sat in the governor's chair save one, Thomas Dongan, an Irishman, who was appointed by James II. (after whom the state was called) two hundred years ago. The same will hold good of Massachusetts and almost every other state in the Union. From the foundation of the republic till now no Catholic has ever sat in the presidential chair—no Catholic has ever been nominated for that office! Neither of the two existing political parties dare put forward a man of the Catholic faith as a candidate for president. The *Irish World* has no fault to find with the political managements in this respect. It would not be prudent to make the venture, and therefore it would not be politically right to do so. A Catholic could not be elected. Catholics have all along been voting for Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and men of all sorts of denominations, and have asked no questions; and that is as it should be. But when for the first time in a century a Catholic—W. R. Grace—was nominated for mayor of New York a sensation was created and the question was at once raised, "*Why bring religion into politics?*" And now when a great-hearted Englishman offers to give Catholic Ireland something like equality the Tories of Britain and the Orangemen of Ireland denounce Gladstone as *a traitor to civil and religious liberty;* while the Tories of America, somtimes openly, sometimes by indirection, are doing their spiteful best to co-operate with the trans-Atlantic deviltry that would obstruct progress and keep justice bound.

But the demand that "the Irishmen of America," "with their wives and their children, and their children's children," clear out of this country reveals a cheek that is colossal in its proportions and deserves to be put on exhibition at the World's Fair. It recalls Dana's new reading of the opening sentence in Cæsar's Commentaries: 'All gall is divided into three parts, of which the Mugwumps have two-thirds.'" Of the 65,000,000 people who compose this American nation it is estimated 15,000,000 are of Irish blood, nearly as many of German blood, of Dutch, Swedes, Welsh, Scotch, Canadians, Jews, Russians, Poles Bohemians, Italians, French, etc., with their descendants, perhaps, 12,000,000, and of negroes and Indians (not counting the Chinese, whom Choate would encourage hither) some 8,000,000—making in all 50,000,000. Outside of fifty millions Choate must find where he belongs. And yet this son of a croaking fragment puts on the airs of one entitled to speak for the whole American people!

No, Mr. Choate, "The Irishmen of America" have no notion of realizing your wish that they leave this country They like America very well; they believe it is is a country worth living in, a country worth dying for; and here they intend to stay, with their wives and their children, and their children's children, world without end. We're "all right," and we mean to let well enough alone. But you disgruntled Anglomen, who are forever barking out your discontent, why don't *you* emigrate and leave the "blarsted country" to the people who are satisfied with it? There have been three notable clearances of the English *from* America—the first from Boston (and on a St. Patrick's Day, too), at the dawn of the American Revolution; the second from New York, at the close of the Revolution; and the third, in 1812-15, at the end of the Second War of Independence—and the last sight we got was the best sight we got of them. The English left this country for the country's good. They went away cursing America; but the prayers of the wicked don't count, and not since the day of their riddance from our shores has any country in the world progressed and prospered as has this blessed land of ours.

All those English who emigrated from America were Tories. They didn't believe in Home Rule for Irishmen, or for Americans, or for any people but themselves. Those emigrations are being, year by year, reinforced by Tory absentees from America in London. They constitute the "American colony." When Joseph H. Choate embarks to join these gentry "the Irishmen of America" will bid him a joyful farewell. They can get along without him.

HYMENEAL.

O'DONNELL-BRADY.

Mr. Edward J. O'Donnell and Miss Emma Brady, both well known young people of the West Division, were united in marriage at the Holy Family church, the Rev. P. A. Murphy officiating, on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The bridal couple was escorted to the altar by Miss Paulina Brady and T. J. McGuire. Miss Brady wore a dress of white silk cut en traine and trimmed with point lace. Her only ornaments were diamond earrings, the gift of her brother, and a bouquet of La France roses. The bridesmaid wore white silk with heliotrope sleeves. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell, with relatives and friends, went to the home of the bride's mother, where a reception was held and dinner served, the evening being occupied with dancing. The ushers were John H. Magner, Harry T. Jack, Thos. Scanlon and W. H. Crowe. The more immediate relatives and friends in attendance at the wedding were Messrs. and Mesdames P. O'Donnell, J. E. O'Brien, H. P. Brady, R. J. Smithwick, M. Daly, M. McGinnis. Mesdames Anna Brady, J. Whalen. Misses Kate Bushell, Nellie Whalen, Anna McGrath, Nellie Bushell, Kate Lawler, Nellie Grady, Minnie Brady, Rose Maloney. Messrs. John Powers, M. T. Brady, J. H. Carmody, Charles Bird, E. Williams, James Clifford. Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell will be at home to their friends after April 25 at No. 851 West Van Buren street.

M'HUGH-M'DERMOTT.

In the presence of a large company of guests in Mount Carmel church, Lake View, Miss Alice McDermott, daughter of the late John P. McDermott, was married at 6 o'clock last Monday evening to Felix McHugh. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. O'Brien, assisted by Rev. Father Finn. As the bridal party approached the altar the wedding march from "Lohengrin" was rendered by Mrs. Dausch, organist of the church. The bride's gown was of white figured China silk, with ribbons to match, and her flowers were lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Mollie Hickey, wore a dress of the same material as that of the bride and carried red roses. Hugh O'Connor was the best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Harry and John Walsh. Among the guests were Messrs. and Mesdames E. J. Madden, Thomas Barrett, J. H. Murphy, Peter O'Connor, R. S. Walsh, John O'Connor. Misses Nellie Lynch, Cora Madden, Anne Renshaw, R. Murphy, Kittie Flood, Alice Madden, E. Renshaw. Messrs. William McCoy, John McDermott, E. Madden, Jr., Herbert Walsh, J. R. Murphy, Jas. McDermott, A. W. Murphy. At the close of the ceremony the bridal party and members of the family celebrated the nuptials with a wedding supper at the future home of Mr. and Mrs. McHugh, No. 1195 Wilton avenue.

HIBERNIAN RIFLES' RECEPTION.

There was a very creditable gathering of the friends of the Hibernian Rifles—soon to be mustered in as the Seventh regiment, Illinois National Guard—at the Second Regiment Armory on Michigan boulevard, last Monday night. In the absence of Col. Colby, Major J. S. Hyland called the gathering to order. Congressman Lawrence E. McGann presided, and speeches were made by Senator Joseph P. Mahoney and John F. Finerty. The latter urged upon the young men present, not yet enrolled, the necessity of building the regiment up to its maximum strength. Nothing, he said, so improved the physique and general bearing of the youth of a country as military training. Three years' service in the militia would be of lasting benefit to every young man, whether called upon to do active service or otherwise. Mr. Finerty dwelt at some length on the history of the Irish soldiery in France and Spain, and the United States, dwelling particularly on their splendid record in the three great wars of the Revolution, Mexico and the Rebellion. At the conclusion of his remarks, dancing, during an interval of which supper was served, was indulged in until the approach of morning.

Of Course You Read

The testimonials published in this paper relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They show beyond a doubt that HOOD'S CURES.

Constipation, and all troubles with the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills.

THE IRISH STEEPLE CHASE.

Graphic Description of the Stirring Sport as Practiced in the Emerald Isle.

How the Term "Steeplechasing" Originated in the County Cork.

BY T. S. BLACKWELL.

[*Outing, for March.*]

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Steeple-chasing was first introduced as a means of improving the breed of horses; and, at first, with the stiff natural fences and long courses, a horse had to be stout-hearted to get over the obstacles and accomplish the journey. Steeplechases were, when first inaugurated, run over straight, point-to-point courses, but after a time this was changed, and regular circular courses laid out over a fair hunting country—one with good, formidable fences being chosen as a rule. After a time, handicaps were introduced, and the consequence was the running of a number of animals incapable of carrying more than nine stone. To meet the requirements of these weedy horses the fences were reduced, until at last they were of such small dimensions that they could be galloped over without the least exertion, and slow race-horses were able to beat the good weight-carrying hunters, which before this had been used in cross-country contests. This brought steeple-chasing into disrepute, and the gentlemen who had at first patronized the sport, held aloof from it until a National Hunt committee was formed, and a regular set of laws formulated, which effected a decided improvement.

Of the "natural" courses of Ireland, Punchestown is *facile princeps*. Situated within easy distance of Dublin and of the Curragh of Kildare, it is in the centre of the greatest sporting district of the country. The soil of the course is splendidly suited for racing, the turf, no matter whether the weather is wet or dry, always remaining in excellent order. Several courses are laid out at Punchestown, all of them being good stiff ones. The original course was an oblong, with rounded corners, but a new course has been formed by taking in a small portion of the low-lying land on the far side. This addition gives the new course exactly the shape of a greyhound [illegible] the newly part representing the addition. This "neck" is now a very important part of the track, as two brooks, and the far-famed "double" into the Herd's garden, have to be negotiated in it. In the round of the new course, about a score of fences have to be negotiated, and some of them are very formidable. The big "double" into the Herd's garden used to be an enormous fence, and although it has been cut down a good deal, it still remains a tremendous jump. This has ever been a favorite spot for the spectators to take up a position, and it is really a grand sight to see how beautifully the horses do the "on and off" over this huge rampart. On several occasions horses have been known to "fly" this fence from field to field, which means a leap of between twenty-five and thirty feet to clear the two wide dikes on each side of the big bank in the centre.

The other fences consist of "doubles" of not quite so formidable a nature, "drop" fences, brooks, "flys" and a wall. It is a magnificent and exciting sight to see a field of twenty or so of the best horses in the world charging the big fences in a cloud, the silken jackets of the riders flashing in all the colors of the rainbow. The road, too, from Dublin to Punchestown is a sight, and, to a stranger, a most amusing one, as the Dublin jarvey is here to be seen in all his wit and glory. The meeting is generally held about the 20th of April, and extends over two days. The grandstand and inclosures are first-class, and, in addition to the public stands, many private parties have erected places for their own accommodation. The most luxurious of the private stands is that of Lord Iveagh (nee Guinness) the porter peer, who annually dispenses hospitality with a princely hand. The military turn out in great force at the Punchestown meeting, the "Irish Grand Military" and the "Light-Weight Military" bringing out big fields of hard-riding soldiers, and the interest taken in these races by the officers of the various regiments is something most enthusiastic.

Altogether Punchestown is *the meeting* of Ireland, and is to Pat what "the Derby" is to the cockney; and the title of "princely," which is by common accord given to it, is richly deserved.

Another splendid course is that of Fairyhouse, where Ward Union Hunt holds its annual meeting every Easter Monday. This course is also within easy distance of the Irish metropolis, and the reunion is a most popular one with the people of Dublin. The fences are large but safe; fifteen have to be negotiated in the journey, consisting of all sorts of obstacles with the exception of the wall, which has gone quite out of favor. They consist of two "regulation" fences, three banks and ditches, three "fly" fences, three open and drop ditches; hedge, four feet high; a brook, an open ditch, and a single bank. There is no nonsense about the jumping over this course, and a horse must be a perfect hunter—and a clever stout one, too—to get safely over this good, honest course. All over Ireland there are excellent natural courses, where most enjoyable provincial meetings are held. Horses and riders are better known to the people at those small country gatherings than at the large reunions, and the contests are consequently very interesting. Everybody present knows the horses taking part in the race for the Hunt Cup at Ballyporeen, and each well-known rider receives an ovation or the reverse, according to his popularity in the district. The most vociferous cheers greet Mr —— as he makes his appearance on the gray which has so gallantly carried him in many a hard run during the last two seasons, because he is one of "the rale ould stock," and what carries more weight in the scale of public favor—he is a good landlord. Quite a different reception awaits Mr. —— as he makes his appearance; and thorough sportsman though he is, it will take time to efface the memory of those evictions at Ballyslopguttery.

The farmers' races at these county meetings are also most interesting. Many a rough old chap, clad in the long gray frieze coat, has as warm an attachment for a good bit of horseflesh as my lord in his dandy "Newmarket," and some possess animals which hold their own in the best of company. I remember one old fellow in particular who had a wonderful little gray named "Nancy Till," that won everywhere she went. He was never absent when his favorite ran, and he saw her win scores of races. One evil day she fell, and broke her leg so badly that she had to be killed. From that day the old man pined away, and a few weeks saw him laid under the sod.

It is amusing, too, to watch the excitement of some of those bucolic owners over the running of their nags. Look at old Tim Mullins there, on the stand, as with eyes starting out of his head, he leans over the rail in front at the imminent risk of falling, to watch his horse Finn McCool coming up the course. Hear him shouting frantically as he waves his old "caubeen" wildly in the air: "*Go an, Finn!* GO A-AN, YE DIVIL!" and as he sees his favorite beaten, sinking into a subdued growl of "*Augh! ye'er bet to blazes!*"

It was about the beginning of the "seventies" that the artificial, or, as they are called, the "made" courses came into vogue. Cork Park was the first that sprung into existence, and a pretty little track it is, but on rather too small and confined a scale; Galway City also got up a nice course; and Baldoyle, a grand semi-natural course, which is within five or six miles of Dublin, and is par excellence the race-meeting of the citizens of Erin's capital. Baldoyle is beautifully situated close to the seashore, and with the picturesque Hill of Howth looking down on it. It is now the property of a joint stock company, and all the arrangements are carried out anmirably, while the shareholders get a good percentage on the investment. Mr. Thomas Brindley has been instrumental in making Baldoyle the success it is. Meetings (two-day) are held here in March, June, August and September. Another very popular course is that of the Leopardstown Club, which is beautifully situated at the foot of the county Dublin mountains, about six miles from the Irish metropolis. The course is laid out in a fine walled-in park, and though it is altogether artificial, it is a capital one. The fences are chiefly thick hedges of a good height, and with dikes on the taking-off side. Five meetings are held over this course in the season.

On all the artificial courses there have now to be one or two "regulation" fences. This said "regulation" fence creates more "grief" than all the rest put together, as it is a perfect trap for horses. It was introduced by some wiseacres with a view to choking off the weedy race-horses who took part over the easy artificial courses as at first made, the fences of which requiring no "doing," the fast "weed" could beat the slower good cross-country animal. The "regulation" is supposed to represent a fair hunting-fence, but I never remember coming across anything approaching it when out with hounds. The sooner it is done away with and some good, honest, big hunting-fence substituted for it, the better for man, beast and sport.

The steeple-chasing season opens each year at Attanagh, in the Queen's county, and continues throughout the year till closed by the two holiday meetings held at Leopardstown and Limerick on St. Stephen's day (Dec. 26).

All round the Curragh of Kildare are many training establishments, where horses are initiated and, by constant practice, made perfect 'chasers.

The late Lord-Lieutenant (Earl of Zetland) generally had a few 'chasers at Eyrefield Lodge, and often ran down there to see his horses put through "a school" over the miniature steeple-chase course which Mr. Linde has laid out. Eyrefield Lodge owed much of its good fortune to the riding of the Beasley brothers, who all passed their novitiate under Mr. Linde. There are four brothers—"Tommy," "Harry," "Willie" and "Johnnie," and all of them are splendid horsemen. The eldest, "Tommy," has the best record, as between the years 1880-90 he had the honor of winning the "blue riband" of steeple-chasing at Liverpool on no less than three occasions—on Empress in '80, Woodbrook in '81 and Frigate in '89. In '82, Seaman, with Lord Manners up, beat "Tommy" Beasley on Cyrus by a short head for the Grand National, so that our crack gentleman jock just missed the unprecedented feat of three consecutive "Nationals."

No amount of "schooling" will make a successful steeple-chaser of a horse that is not a natural jumper. A horse occasionally shows signs of refusing, and one that dwells too long, either on "taking off" or landing, is never thought much of by a trainer.

Horses must "chance" their fences to a certain extent to become big winners, but the great point is that they should do it in safety. The best seem just to do it, and that is all, and as they get experience the less they take out of themselves. The Irish horses rarely fall over English courses, because their "schools" are always bigger, and an ordinary steeple-course is an easy business for them.

Poeta nascitur non fit is said about the poet, and is equally applicable to the steeple-chaser. It is not much use persevering with a horse that does not take to the business naturally; but as a rule Irish horses have a wonderful aptitude for jumping. Much is written now about prairie-bred horses taking the place of hunters in England, but it will be a difficult matter to breed animals with the courage, fire and action of the steeple-chasers of the Green Isle.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

As if in a dream Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin found herself borne along on horseback behind O'Hugh. She was chilly and faint, trembling and exhausted. The many bruises and lacerations she had received in her wild flight were bitterly aching, and she felt as if red-hot needles were being plunged into her flesh. As already mentioned, a strong leathern belt bound her to the renegade, but this left her arms free, affording her a little relief. She felt deadly weak and ill, and every jolting motion of the horse on which she rode was torture to her weak, girlish frame. Placing her hands on the renegade's scoulder, she endeavored to repose her drooping head upon them, but in vain. She was kept rigidly awake to her unhappy position, and was carried rudely onwards, surrounded by an array of dark figures, by the tread of horses' hoofs, and the jingle of arms and accoutrements.

At length she was conscious of a halt, and then a horseman brushed hastily by her side.

"The main body halts here for orders," said the voice of Harrison; "front files advance;—dead silence on your lives."

O'Hugh was one of the horsemen to ride forward at the command of Harrison, who again urged his steed close beside that of the former, in order to whisper hoarsely in our heroine's ear:

"Here we are at your journey's end, and now, my birdie, you shall see a little excitement. Pray for O'Tracy, if you wish, for the poor fellow shall not live to see the daylight."

"See—there is Dromahaire," he remarked, ere they had ridden long together; and Kathleen beheld the familiar old tower of the O'Rourke's castle rising before her, cut out clearly and squarely against the starlit sky. She was still gazing in a whirlwind of emotion at this object, when Harrison dismounted, and the next instant she heard his voice joined in eager converse with those of [illegible] and others almost at her elbow.

She listened mechanically, and a shudder of horror passed over her as she disdovered that the Puritan leaders were plotting the doom of Dromahaire. She continued to listen, and every cold-blooded suggestion of treachery and cruelty made her blood freeze, as she dwelt on the sad fate now beiug prepared for her lover, and her brother, and the other Irish within the walls of the castle now towering before her—the castle shortly to be wrapped in flames and surrounded by thirsty swords.

"Exactly," Sir Frederick was saying, in reference to some foregoing remark, "exactly; there is a strong growth of ivy from the ground to the battlements, so that those brave fellows will have no difficulty in climbing straight into yon den of treason, and then ——"

"Then," struck in Col. Acheson, "all the bishops in Kilkenny shan't save the old rookery from destruction."

"Nor the Philistines frae the edge o' the sword," remarked the dean.

"Nor the rats and other vermin from the blazes," said Harrison.

"Right," quoth the chief Puritan, gruffly; "but let them laugh who win. As yet the rogues have no suspicion of our presence, but we shall introduce ourselves in good time. Now, my lads," he said, addressing some half dozen men who stood near, "you know your work. As soon as you've gained the battlements and brained the rebels' sleepy sentries, march straight for the chief portal, throw it open, and leave the rest to us. Come, my gallants, make haste."

The men addressed stole off cautiously towards the castle and disappeared in the darkness.

"Is the rest arranged?" inquired Hamilton of his colleagues.

"Yes," replied Gilbert Harrison. "Stewart's company is gone round by the wood, ready to pop in the gate as soon as those brave fellows yonder throw it open, which heaven grant they may!"

"Amen to that," rejoined the other in low, excited tones; "but keep the men silent—the least noise might ruin all."

Then there was a pause—a dead, silent pause. It seemed an age of weary dread and anxiety to our Wild Rose, as she sat behind O'Hugh, her breath coming in short, quick gasps, her heart beating rapidly and violently, her eyes fixed in a long, painful, and intense stare on the doomed castle, while her mind dwelt on the terrible carnival of fire and sword about to be enacted before her face. Oh, could she save that hoary castle and its inmates from impending doom! Oh, could she thwart the evil design of the merciless crew that surrounded her! How could she play the part of the heroic maid of Bregenz, and by a timely warning save her people? How? "The least noise," said the Puritan leader, "might ruin all." Could she cause that noise? She might scream, indeed, but her weak voice would scarcely be heard at such a distance.

While she was thus painfully musing, there flashed upon her mind an idea happy as an inspiration from heaven. With a fervent, mental prayer for its success, she at once proceeded to put it in execution.

Cautiously stealing her hand round her captor's waist, her fingers came in contact with a hard and cold substance, which she at once grasped. It was the brass-mounted butt of a pistol—the object of her search. In a moment she drew the weapon from the renegade's belt; in a moment she turned its muzzle into the air and drew the trigger.

Loud rang the report, a lurid streak of fire leaped into the air, horses pranced and reared wildly in sudden alarm, and O'Hugh, turning in his saddle, seized the captive by the throat.

A scene of great confusion ensued.

"Betrayed, betrayed!" exclaimed several of the Puritans.

"Seize the traitor!" commanded Sir Frnderick Hamilton, in a terrible voice; and immediately O'Hugh and Kathleen were dragged from their seats and bound with cords. They were scarcely secured, when the men who had started to scale the castle walls, came hurrying back.

"No use, colonel," panted the foremost; "that shot, curse on whoever fired it! has alarmed the rebels; some of us have been shot like owls among the ivy;—no use, I say."

Again the Puritan leaders held a rapid whispered council, which ended in a number of sappers being dispatched with picks and crowbars to make a breach in the walls. The attempt proved futile. A crackling of musketry sounded from the battlements and loopholes of Dromahaire, and through the darkness the quick, bright flashes were seen leaping down like fiery arrows on the assailants, who were driven back in disorder, [illegible] of Hamilton's musketeers being shot dead on the spot, and another mortally wounded.

The grim Sir Frederick clenched his hands and stamped his feet in impotent wrath; and his chagrin was increased when Colonel Acheson advised him to relinquish the attack on the castle for the time being, and return home.

"Ay, ay," chimed in Dean Berkeley, "let us return forthwith. Verily the hand of the Lord is against us this night. Come, gentlemen, the time limited by our governor is up, and we must e'en draw homewards. What a dance we've been led, forsooth! In good faith, Sir William did not send us to take in castles, but ——"

"I would advise you, dean," interrupted Hamilton, angrily, "not to meddle with what is out of your element."

"Hoity-toity, Sir Frederick," was the tart reply; "let your temper bide: water is out of my element, and yet I can swim."

"Gentlemen, even let us tarry here till morn'," said the other, in angry entreaty.

"By your leave, colonel," returned the dean, "whoever would command the Enniskillen men must speak to me. Not an hour will we stay here, but home at once to Fermanagh."

"Yes, if you well," cried Hamilton, in a rage; "but, by heaven, not with a cattle prey from the county Leitrim. Have you, then, only come hither to make use of my force to prey a country for you? Observe, I pray you, the unworthy carriage of your Enniskillen soldiers. While we are spending our lives and blood in this service, your horsemen are rambling the county, driving in horses and cows, and your footmen, running after muttons, catching, killing and wasting under every bush. Colonels and captains, it is a shame for ye, seeing ye are six times our number, to offer to take anything from us; neither shall ye—neither shall ye. Ho, Harrison, Dougall, let your fellows seize those cattle for our own use; by hell, no Leitrim horse, beef, or mutton shall pass the gates of Manor Hamilton."

At their commander's word a number of Hamilton's men spurred forward and surrounded a number of horses, kine, and sheep which the Enniskillen men had collected from the surrounding fields.

Colonel Acheson and his brother officers looked on at this move of Hamilton's with assumed indifference, and their men plianly enough relinquished their prey. But Dean Berkeley by no means relished the arrangement.

"Verily this is unfair," he exclaimed, in an excited tone; "why should we give up our spoil to you? There is a horse there which I caught with my own two hands within this hour—I demand him."

"No, dean," replied the Undertaker, with bitter sarcasm; "since you have deserved no better among us you shall carry no horse hence to brag of. But, mark me, I would that the best two horses in my stable, with £500 to boot, had been sent ere this to yourself and your father-in-law in Enniskillen, so that you might not have come this march: for, by my faith, you've carried yourself this night more like a devil than a dean."

"The compliment is worthy of Sir Frederick Hamilton," rejoined the dean, coolly. "Come, gentlemen, right about, and ho for Enniskillen."

And the Enniskillen force set off on their homeward march.

"Plague go with you," murmured Hamilton.

"Now," he said, sternly, addressing Gilbert Harrison, "take six men and shoot that traitor Frazer, like the dog he is;—come, dispatch."

"It was not Frazer's fault," said a trooper, deferentially, "but the girl's; it was she who fired the shot."

"Humph! well, release Frazer and send him about his business; may my curse go with him, for the rascal has spoiled our sport."

"Whither shall I go, colonel?" cried O'Hugh *alias* Frazer, piteously.

"Go to the devil, sirrah, and be thankful your life is spared."

"And the girl?" inquired Gilbert Harrison, hoarsely.

"The treacherous wench shall back with us; 'fore heaven, the hangman's rope shall mark her puny neck—she shall swing. March!"

The Puritan column retraced its route to Manor Hamilton, and when the gray morning light made objects visible there was no trace of an enemy around the castle of Dromahaire save a few dead bodies and a few scattered muskets.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Ni fada d'fhan sé ann, go bhfuair na luchóga boladh an ime, agus thainig siad as gach coirneul agus cláid le feicsint cá'r b'as do bhi an boladh ag teacht. Chuaidh siad suas chuige go mall agus iad sgannruighthe i dtosach, acht nuair fuair siad nach raibh sé ag cur cor as féin d'éirigh siad dána agus sheas ceann aca air a láimh agus thosaigh sé ag ligbe an ime. Nuair chonnaire na cinn eile sin, thainig siadsan suas le chéile agus thoisigh siad ag lighe agus ag ithe agus ag cogaint go raibh cróiconn a lámh stráctha leo, mar bhi an t-im air a chroiconn chomh maith agus air an t-srang. Nuair bhi an t-im uile ithte ó'n g-córda d'éirigh sé agus rinne sé an rud ceudna as an nuadh, agus budh ann sin do bhi an obair agus an chuimhlint ameasg na luchóg, nuair shin sé amach a lámha an dara uair. Rith siad agus throid siad agus thuit siad air a chéile ag iarraidh an t-im d'fhághail. Reub siad an córda agus reub siad a lámha leis, acht do bhi an oiread sin de'n chórda ithte aca faoi dheire go ndéarna sé iarracht láidir le na bhriseadh, agus bhris sé é. Chuir sé gair lúthgháire as, agus nuair fuair sé a dhá láimh saor, chrom sé agus sgaoil sé a chosa, agus chuaidh sé anonn do'n ógmhnaoi agus rinne sé an rud ceudna léithe.

Sheas siad suas le chéile, agus léim siad leis an méad lúthgháire do bhi orra. Dheare siad 'nna dtimchioll air an uaigh, agus fuair siad go raibh si deunta annsan g-carraig chruaidh agus go raibh an áit 'nna élt-taisge le congbháil an t-saibhris do gheabhfadh na robáilidh ó am go h-am. Ni raibh aon rud breágh no saidhbhir dá bhfacaidh sál duine ariamh nach raibh eruinuighthe anonn sin, ag [illegible] go bhfaigh eadh na robáilidhe faill le na dhiol.

Bhi an bheirt ag gabhail thart timchioll, agus ag deareadh air uile rud do bhi le feicsint, nuair chualaidh siad coiscéim duine, agus guth fhir ag feadaoil ag teacht anaice leo. "Caith thu féin sios air chúl an rolla mhóir sioda sin," ar Goillis, "agus b'fhéidir nach bhfeicfear thu."

Luidh siad sios le chéile air chúl an t-sioda, i riocht go raibh siad foluighthe go maith, agus d'fhan siad le feicsint creud do tharlóchadh leo.

Nior fhan siad a bhfad nuair d'fhosgail fear mór láidir an doras iarrainn le h-eochair, agus tháinig sé asteach. Chuaidh sé anonn go báirille do bhi 'san g-cuaine, agus tharraing sé deoch dó féin as. Bhi am ag Goillis le breathnughadh air, nuair bhi sé ag ól na dighe, agus chonnaire sé nach raibh an fear ameasg na ndaoine eile nuair leag siad agus nuair cheangail siad é.

Chonnaire sé nach raibh aon t-slighe eile aige acht a leagadh sios agus an eochair do bhaint de, agus dheare sé 'nna thimchioll ag iarraidh airm éigin, acht ni bhruair sé aon rud acht barra láidir airgid do bhi curtha i dtaisge ameasg mórán rud luachmhar eile. Thóg sé sin 'nna láimh agus chuaidh sé go socair sáimh anonn do'n fhear do bhi ag ól, agus a cheann cromtha air an dígh; agus thug sé buille dhó do sgoiltfeadh ceann tairbh. Thuit an robáilidhe cosmhuil le duine marbh, gan focal gan osna, agus léim Goillis air, agus ghlac sé an eochair do bhi ann a phóca agus chuir sé 'nna phóca féin é.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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LITERARY.

The Walrus.

As the walrus lay upon the ice, their immense bulk and massive forms could be better appreciated. Lieutenant Schwatka described the walrus as "huge seals, with upper canine-teeth prolonged into tusks." These tusks are usually from one to two feet in length, and I have seen some that were two and a half and even three feet long. When full-grown, the tusk weighs about five pounds. Their length does not seem to be dependent upon either the age or size of the animal, as often a young, small walrus will have long tusks. The average weight of the animal is about a ton, and ours weighed between 1,200 and 1,500 pounds. One was ten, the other thirteen feet long. They attain, however, a length of from fifteen to eighteen feet, and half as much around the fore flippers. The flippers are some two feet long, and capable, when extended, of covering a considerable area, and of forcing the animal rapidly through the water. Walrus also use these flippers to protect wounded comrades or to carry their offspring. The inside of these paws is covered by a horny skin that serves to protect their palms in scrambling around over the rough ice. The walrus-flippers, when properly cooked, are considered a great delicacy by the Eskimos. The flavor of the flipper is very similar to that of the coarser clams. The meat did not seem as delicate as that of the seal or narwhal. The flesh of the walrus is protected by a thick blanket of fat—the blubber, which enables it to resist the icy water of the arctic seas. This fat yields nearly a barrel of oil. The hide and tusks also are valuable. The hide is used by the Eskimos to make soles for their boots, or *kamiks*, and it is also cut into strips for their harpoon lines. It is from one to one and a half inches thick.

The formidable tusks are used as weapons of offense and defense, and also, it is stated, to gather their food, the clams.—*April St. Nicholas.*

The Fatal Voyage of Margaret Fuller.

We, too, at this distance, shrink at setting out with her on that fatal voyage, with its record of doom. First, the captain stricken with malignant smallpox; his death and burial at sea, off Gibraltar; the body wrapped in a flag and lowered into the deep. Margaret consoles and cares for the widow. Then little Angelino seized with the dread disease, lying at the point of death for days, and rescued again only by tireless watching and care. Contrary winds detain them, so that two long summer months wear away before they near their journey's end. On Thursday, July 18, the Elizabeth was off the Jersey coast. The passengers were told to pack their trunks, and prepare to land the next morning. At nine in the evening the wind arose, and at midnight it was a hurricane. The ship tossed and pitched all night, flying—no one knew where or how swiftly—with the wind and tide, headlong to destruction. At four o'clock on Friday morning, July 19, she struck off Fire Island beach. First a jar, then a crash, and the thunder of the seas breaking over them. One hates to rehearse the horrors of that awful dawn and awakening, yet how else may we realize the test of the souls which confronted them? The passengers meet in the gray twilight, exchanging hurried words, calm but desperate. And now, for twelve mortal hours, amid the wrack of tempest and fury of unchained elements, that doomed band of human beings awaited death—a hundred deaths. We have a glimpse of Margaret singing her terrified child to sleep through the howling storm. Land was in sight, actually within a hundred yards, only the raging breakers between. Through the gray cloud of rain and spray they could see the gray sand-hills, with people moving on the beach, and a wagon drawn up, but not a hand lifted to save them, not a life-boat sent to the rescue. Morning—noon—afternoon—how endless, and yet how swiftly passing! The wreck was going to pieces, plank by plank. A single mast remained, with a fragment of the deck that rose and fell with every wave. Here the desperate group were clinging. The last moment came. Some plunged into the sea, and succeeded in swimming to the shore; others trusted to a frail plank and rope. The last vision of Margaret was at the foot of the mast, in her white nightdress, with her bright hair streaming over her shoulders. Ossoli hung for an instant to the rigging, but the next wave caught him, and he sank, never to reappear. Neither his body nor Margaret's was ever recovered. Only the little body of Angelino was washed ashore some minutes later, still warm, but stripped of every shred of clothing. One has almost a regret that the sea gave him up, and that he should not sleep with his parents beneath the waves, in whose still depths, no less than in the fixed and stable earth, there is peace.—*Josephine Lazarus, in the Century for April.*

Dandruff is an exudation from the pores of the scalp that spreads and dries, forming scurf and causing the hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renewer cures it.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

A Badge of Office.

Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the author of countless tales of romance and adventure, was a printer by trade, and on one occasion especially his printer's rule served him a good turn. At 17 years of age he had entered the navy, where his duties were arduous and monotonous. He was serving on the sloop of war Fairfield when it was cruising along the African coast, and one day, desperately tired of his duties, he stood leaning against a gun, his old composing rule in his hand.

"What's that?" asked an abrupt voice, and turning with a start young Cobb saw that the captain was watching him.

"It's a printer's rule, sir," was the reply.

"Are you a printer?"

"That's my profession, sir."

"Do you know anything about proof-reading? Could you take a manuscript and punctuate and arrange it so that a printer would know just how to put it in type?"

"I could once, sir, and I think I have not forgotten."

"What are you doing now?"

"I am on duty here, in charge of your cabin, sir, and of the ship's time."

"Yes, I know. Mr. Dodd," he called to the officer of the deck, "will you have this man relieved? As soon as you are at liberty," he added, addressing the young man, "report to me in my cabin."

The youth did so and was given a mass of notes referring to various voyages and travels in foreign lands to be sorted and arranged for the printer. This work occupied him during the entire voyage. Thus he had found, thanks to his printer's rule, the easiest berth on board the ship.—Youth's Companion.

A Clever Advertiser.

A gentleman advertised for a wife, and one of the answers to his advertisement was from Preston. After a lot of loving correspondence a meeting was arranged at Preston station. The agreement was that he should carry a light blue silk handkerchief in his left hand, but being suspicious of a sell he went to Preston by an earlier train, and, as he suspected, he found that a few choice spirits had arranged a warm reception for his benefit.

A short time before the train he was expected by was due the lady, accompanied by several young fellows, arrived at the station, and the fellows made themselves scarce when the train was signaled. The advertiser followed them to a hotel to watch the development of the play. The young fellows were awfully disappointed when the young lady reported that their intended victim had not turned up, and they proceeded to appoint a judge, jury and counsel to try him, although he was absent.

The gentleman was asked to be one of the jurymen. All the letters were read, and counsel made their speeches. After the trial was over the company spent a jolly evening, and at its conclusion they accompanied the advertiser to the station. When his train was just starting, he leaned out of the window and waved his blue handkerchief in the faces of his thunderstruck escort.—London Tit-Bits.

Our Knowledge of Insects.

In England we have about 12,000 species of insects, and it is perhaps not to be expected that the ultimate total, when all the smallest species have been collected and studied as assiduously as the larger ones, will exceed this estimate by more than a few hundred, or at most 1,000 or 2,000. But with foreign countries it is very different, and I must confess that I was surprised when I lately received a fine new species of phasmida from Madagascar, to find that barely half a dozen species had yet been recorded from that island. If this is the state of our knowledge of such insects as phasmida, how imperfect must it be of the smaller species of coleoptera, hymenoptera, diptera, etc., many of which are of almost microscopic dimensions!

Many insects are so local and so closely connected with plants which disappear before civilization that the same fate of extermination which has fallen on so many of the larger animals during the last century cannot but fall heavily upon these also. It is not too much to say that it is highly probable that a large proportion of the insects at present existing in the world will become extinct before their existence is even known to scientific men.—W. F. Kirby in Knowledge.

Palestine Under the Caliphs.

In the first century of the decline of the great caliphs of Bagdad, Bernard, a Breton monk from the celebrated monastery of Mont St. Michel, set out for the Holy Land, traveling first to Rome. He found the Saracens in possession of Bari and transporting thousands of Italian Christians captives to Egypt and Barbary. After a month's sailing he reached Alexandria, where heavy tolls were levied, and so entered Palestine from the south by Gaza. His account contains the first known notice of the miracle of the holy fire, which must have been a recent custom, or Antony and Willibald, Sylvia and Paula would not all alike have been silent on the subject. He also speaks of the hospice for pilgrims erected by Charlemagne in Jerusalem near the sight afterward famous as the Hospital of the Knights of St. John.—Edinburgh Review.

He Liked to Be Late.

Brignoli never was known to be ready to go on the stage to sing his part. He had to wait one minute or several minutes before appearing. In this he was a great trouble to managers. "Just give me one minute more," he would beg, and when that was up he would plead for another and another till all patience was exhausted.—New York Tribune.

The Waste In Finger Nails.

The average person trims off the thirty-second part of an inch from each finger nail a week, or about 1½ inches every year. The average of human life all over the world is 40 years. There are 1,300,000,000 people in the world who therefore waste on an average 28,400 miles of finger nail in a generation.—St. Louis Republic.

The Belle Coscie Band.

A bandit in Corsica nevers rob any one, but if he wants money he gets it, not by plundering rich tourists, not by stopping a diligence—this would be thieving, and altogether beneath his dignity. He writes a strongly worded letter to some person with whom he and his family are at feud and bids him send a certain sum by a given date, or take the consequence. The Belle Coscie band, especially during the last twenty years, have acted as if the country around belonged to them. They have almost always insisted on sharing in the profits of any undertaking which they may have seen going forward.

Some few years ago the maire of —— obtained a concession of the right to fell a certain number of trees in the forest of Vizzavona. The Belle Coscie heard of this and demanded a share in the profit. The maire indignantly refused, but the two bandits said, "Then we will shoot any one who attempts to cut down a single tree!" It was so certain that they would do it that the trees were left standing. At length the maire began to think that half a loaf was better than no bread and yielded. That has always been the way. Every one has yielded, and though expedition after expedition of armed men has been sent to the mountains to capture the two Belle Coscie, and though the gendarmes have been eager for the honor and reward attendant on success, there has been no success. Antoine Coscie has waited until the time during which the law prosecutes for murder is passed; Jacques will do the same, and a governing family in Corsica will have been founded.—London Saturday Review.

No Business in That Country.

"I once came near starving to death in a land of plenty," said J. Goodrich Jones, addressing the experience meeting assembled in the corridors of the Lindell. "I was traveling through Arkansas by wagon selling patent rights. I got into a section where hotels were unknown, and had to put up at the cabins of the squatters. For an entire week the bill of fare was baked possum, buttermilk and corn bread for breakfast, corn bread, buttermilk and baked possum for dinner, and buttermilk, baked possum and corn bread for supper. I abhor baked possum, corn bread is my abomination, and I would starve to death in an ocean of buttermilk. At last I expostulated. My host was thunderstruck.

"He got up, motioned me to follow him outside and said impressively: 'Look a-hyar, stranger; yer too scrumptious fer Arkansaw. Here this hull neighborhood has been a-totin corn t' mill an skylarkin around night arter night fer possums t' pervide y' with luxuries, an now y' turn up yer nose an say y' can't eat sich stuff. W'at d'ye want? W'at d'ye call high livin, anyhow? W'at kind o' fodder be y' a-hankerin fer? Now I tell y' w'at y' do. You p'int that mule's nose t'ward the Massassip, an don't y' never stop till y' git acrost it. A man who can't go possum an corn pone hain't got no kinder business a-foolin round in Arkansaw!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

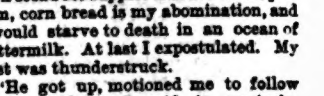
How Some Old Trees Sustain Themselves.

Many trees exhibit an economical utilization of the products of their own decay. These include swamp maples, a Norway maple, a willow and a white mulberry. In an English paper appeared not long ago an account of an oak which had "sustained itself for years by a mass of roots grown into its own trunk!"

In one of the swamp maples observed by L. M. Stabler, at Great Neck, Long Island, the primary injury apparently resulted from a storm which split and twisted the trunk. One of the adventitious roots, "at least two inches in diameter, started as high as ten feet above the base of the trunk and passed down through the decayed portion to the ground."—F. L. Sargent in Popular Science Monthly.

The Bicycle as a Remedy.

A physician pays the following tribute to the bicycle: "I have sent patients to the cycle riding school, and they have come back saying that it made them dizzy. They were drunk on oxygen, and I made them keep at it until they overcame the queer intoxication. Properly used I will say that the bicycle is one of the efficient remedies of the times."



FROM HEAD TO FOOT

you feel the good that's done by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood. And through the blood, it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the whole system.

In recovering from "La Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, nothing can equal it as an appetising, restorative tonic to build up needed flesh and strength. It rouses every organ into natural action, promotes all the bodily functions, and restores health and vigor.

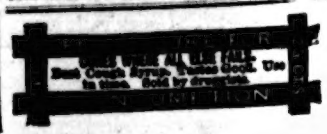
For every disease that comes from a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, or Scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so certain that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

For a perfect and permanent cure for Catarrh, take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer $500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—*I say*, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 20 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



PLAN OF WAGE EARNERS

May Work on Sundays and Lay Off Saturdays

IN ORDER TO SEE THE BIG FAIR.

Strike of Carpenters at the Grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to Fight the Decision of Judge Ricks—Ann Arbor Road Working Non-Union Men Successfully.

CHICAGO, April 4.—The Central Labor union of this city has decided to adopt radical measures in order that the workingmen belonging to the unions attached to that body may have an opportunity of seeing the World's fair without sacrificing their time and wages. It proposes to work Sunday and take Saturday as the day of rest, on which day the fair will be open. A resolution to that effect was introduced and passed by a unanimous vote at the last meeting of the union. There was a large meeting and a large number of delegates took part in the debate on the passage of the resolution.

Practically Barred the Gates.

The consensus of opinion was that the workingmen who had built the fair wanted to see it in full operation. It was argued that the friends of Sunday closing having been successful had practically barred the gates against a large class of toilers whose pay would not warrant them laying off and whose employers would not close their places of business for a sufficient length of time to allow the employe to do full justice to the occasion. It was therefore resolved that the local unions should use their influence with their employers to observe Saturday instead of Sunday as a day of rest, beginning with the opening of the exposition.

Want to See the Fair.

The membership of the Central Labor union is between 10,000 and 15,000, and it counts among its subordinate unions some of the most aggressive organizations in the city, as, for instance, several carpenters' unions, the cabinet makers, carriage and wagon workers and a large number of others. The majority of its members are Germans, but the work of the organization is by no means confined to that language. It is claimed that nearly every organization in the body used its influence to have the fair located in this city, and they were equally as active in the movement to secure Sunday opening. Having failed in this latter effort, they now propose so far as lies in their power to undo the work of the Sunday closers.

World's Fair Carpenters' Strike.

True to his declaration before the council of administration Monday afternoon, President Cogswell has called out the union carpenters working at the fair grounds. The order was issued Monday evening. Many of the men did not show up Tuesday morning for work, but as to the exact number there is considerable difference in the statements of the strikers and those of the other side. The carpenters claim that 1,000 men are out, 600 of whom were employed by the exposition company and 400 by contractors who had not signed the scale.

May Call Others Out.

It was rumored that men employed by contractors who had signed the scale might be called out to assist those now on strike.

"Will these other men be also ordered to strike?" Mr. Cogswell was asked.

"That depends," he answered.

"On what?"

"Circumstances," he replied. But he was not willing to state what the circumstances might be.

"If necessary," he added, "every carpenter in Chicago will be ordered on strike. We are stronger today than ever before, and we intend to make hay while the sun shines. This is our harvest season. We have 12,000 union carpenters in the city. All of them are ready to strike if necessary."

ENGINEERS WILL FIGHT.

Supreme Court of the United States To Be Appealed To.

TOLEDO, April 4.—James Lennon, the Lake Shore engineer who was found guilty of contempt of court according to Judge Ricks' decision, has, in odedience to the instructions of attorneys, refused to pay his fine, and has been formally arrested and is in the custody of the court. His attorneys will appeal the case to the supreme court of the United States for a writ of habeas corpus and it will come up at Washington as soon as possible. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will fight the matter to the bitter end and will not spare any expense. They realize that the final decision is of vital importance to their organization.

No More Outbreaks Expected.

Attorneys and railroad officials think that there will be no more trouble or outbreaks by the men until after the whole matter has a final hearing. General Manager H. W. Ashley of the Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan road says it is not a matter between the Ann Arbor and its men or the Lake Shore and its employes now, but a question between the men and the United States, and will be fought out on that line as long as the issue has been made. It will do them no good to fight the railroads now. Mr. Ashley incidentally stated that the Ann Arbor road, under the non-union men for the past week, had been handling 30 per cent. more cars than were ever before handled.

Will Import Non-Union Men.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 4.—At a meeting of the building contractors of this city it was decided to import non-union men to take the place of the striking bricklayers. The strikers are confident of winning their fight for eight hours and succeeded Monday in sending back twelve non-union men.

Arthur Says It's All Right.

CLEVELAND, O., April 4.—Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, refused to discuss the decision of the court. "It is all right," he said. "The engineers will get through somehow. I don't care to say what we will do next, but I have not given the subject a moment's thought."

Cincinnati Painters on Strike.

CINCINNATI, April 4.—One thousand journeyman painters struck Monday for eight hours and 33 1-3 cents an hour. The men have heretofore received 28 cents on a ten-hour day. The bosses, 150 in number, will meet to discuss plans for what promises to be a bitter fight.

Thomas Hogan was killed by lightning at Macomb, Ills., during a severe thunder storm.

AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

Ex-Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard Nominated by the President.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—The president Thursday sent the following nominations to the senate: State—Thomas F. Bayard of Delaware, to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Great Britain. To be envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary of the United States: James D. Porter of Tennessee, to Chili; James A. McKenzie of Kentucky, to Peru; Lewis Baker, of Minnesota, to Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador. Pierce M. B. Young of Georgia, to Guatemala and Honduras; Edwin Dun of Ohio (now secretary of legation at Japan), to Japan.

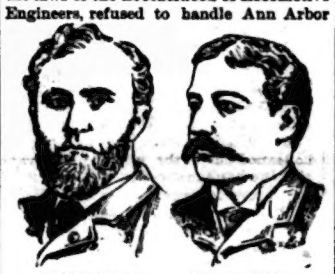
To be consuls of the United States: L. M. Shaffer of West Virginia to Stratford, Ont.; Harrison R. Williams of Missouri, to Vera Cruz; M. Pendleton of Maine, to Pictou; Theodore M. Stephens of Illinois, to Annaberg; William T. Townes of Virginia, to Rio de Janeiro; Claude Meeker of Ohio, to Bradford; Newton B. Eustis of Louisiana, to be second secretary of legation of the United States at Paris. Interior: John M. Reynolds of Pennsylvania, to be assistant secretary of the interior, vice Cyrus Bussey, resigned. Justice: Lawrence J. Maxwell, Jr., of Ohio, to be solicitor general, vice Charles H. Aldrich, resigned; John I. Hall of Georgia, to be assistant attorney general, vice George H. Shields, resigned.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—The president Monday sent the following nominations to the senate: Edmond Curtis of New York to be assistant secretary of the treasury, vice Genio M. Lambertson, resigned; Charles S. Hamlin of Massachusetts, to be assistant secretary of the treasury vice John M. Gear, resigned; James H. Eckels of Illinois, to be comptroller of the currensy; James E. Meline of the District of Columbia, to be assistant treasurer of the United States; T. Strobo Farrow of South Carolina, to be second auditor of the treasury; John B. Brawley of Pennsylvania, to be auditor of the treasury of the postoffice department. James J. Willie of Florida, to be deputy fifth auditor of the treasury; Henry W. Egnor of New Jersey, to be collector of customs for the district of Newark, N. J.; Dudley G. Watson of Michigan, to be collector of customs for the district of Michigan. Postmasters: Illinois—Stephen Oliver, Griggsville; Miss Rebecca Snape, Petersburg. Indiana—Orris T. Dickerson, Spencer; Albert May, Cannelton. Kansas—Frank Mapes, Kansas City. Ohio—William Dalrymple, Nelsonville; Daniel Weiss, New Philadelphia; Charles E. Peoples, Pomeroy.

AGAINST CHIEF ARTHUR.

Decisions of Judges Ricks and Taft Rendered at Toledo.

TOLEDO, April 3.—Monday morning Judge Ricks, in the United States circuit court, rendered his decision in the case of the Lake Shore engineers, who, obeying the laws of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, refused to handle Ann Arbor



JUDGE RICKS. JUDGE TAFT.

freight, as there was a strike on that road. The court held that Engineer James Lennon, inasmuch as he had been twice ordered to move the cars by the officials of the company, did not do so until ordered to do so by brotherhood officers after the boycott was raised, was guilty of contempt of court. The seven other men were discharged.

Judge Taft's Decision.

Judge Ricks read Judge Taft's decision in the Ann Arbor injunction case in which Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is made a party. He decided that the whole brotherhood was a conspiracy against the laws of the country and that inasmuch as Arthur gave the orders that precipitated the boycott, an order for a temporary injunction against Arthur as prayed for was allowed. Arthur is therefore restrained from issuing, promulgating or continuing in force any rule of the brotherhood which shall require or command any employes of the various connecting lines to boycott the Ann Arbor road.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Terrible Deed of a Rejected Suitor in a Chicago Suburb.

CHICAGO, April 3.—Miss Effie Clark of Spokane Falls, Wash., a member of the Northwestern university freshmen class, was shot and instantly killed about 7 o'clock Saturday evening by E. Ross Smith of 717 Ayers court, Evanston. Smith then shot himself. The cause of the tragedy was Miss Clark's rejection of Smith as a suitor. Miss Clark, who was 19 years of age, was the daughter of well-to-do parents at Spokane Falls. Her slayer was 26 years old and for a long time had been an ardent suitor for the hand of the dead girl. His attentions were repulsed by the parents of the young girl and by Miss Clark herself.

Follow by Smith.

The latter was sent to school at Evanston in order to free her from the persistent attention of young Smith, but he followed her and for some time has been staying at a house near where Miss Clark boarded. In the evening he called at the boarding house and after a few minutes earnest conversation, prevailed upon Miss Clark to accompany him for a walk. The pair had not gone far when Smith was seen to draw a revolver and within a few seconds fire five shots. Two shots took effect in Miss Clark's head with fatal results. The other three Smith directed toward himself, producing wounds from which he died. The dying girl was cared for by her friends, but only survived a few minutes.

To Tax Cigarette Dealers.

COLUMBUS, O., April 1.—The Ohio house passed a bill placing a tax of $100 per annum upon retail dealers in cigarettes and $300 upon wholesale dealers. It is certain to become a law and will place cigaretts on exactly the same ground as intoxicating liquors in Ohio.

Brakemen Fatally Scalded.

CONNELVILLE, Pa., April 4.—The boiler of a shifting engine exploded near this place on the Baltimore and Ohio railway yesterday. Three brakemen were probably fatally scalded and otherwise injured.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

What the Law Makers Are Doing at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, March 29.—The senate yesterday passed the anti-Pinkerton bill—28 to 1; also the bill giving the state university the money granted it by congress. The bill prohibiting the loaning of state money was sent to third reading. The senatorial apportionment bill prepared by the Democratic caucus was introduced and sent to second reading without submission to a committee. It was also made special order for today—all votes being strictly partisan. A number of other bills were sent to second reading.

The house defeated the resolution for a constitutional convention. The vote was 71 to 57, and the debate on the matter was quite lively, and occupied nearly the whole session. After the vote killing the covention had been taken the house adjourned.

SPRINGFIELD, March 30.—Berry's anti-pool bill was the special order in the senate yesterday, but the matter was postponed to April 6, because the house bill would probably be in the senate by that time. The senatorial apportionment bill came up next and a motion to postpone to April 6 to give the Republicans time to prepare amendments was lost by a party vote. Then the Republicans offered amendments which were promptly voted down. The bill was then ordered to third reading and made special order for April 6, a motion made to reconsider and that motion laid on the table so as to clinch the matter.

Governor Altgeld sent in the following nominations: Reddick M. Ridgely, of Springfield, member board of trustees Hospital for the Insane, Jacksonville. Trustees of the Southern Normal university, Samuel W. Dunniway, of Carbondale; W. R. Ward, of Benton; Edward Baughman, of Olney; C. W. Bliss, of Montgomery county; J. W. Terry, of Edwardsville. The bill authorizing railways to consolidate to form an interstate line was passed as was that requiring the fact that a child's eyes are weak to be notified to the health officers within twelve hours after its birth. The bill giving women the right to vote at certain elections was made special order for April 5.

The first thing on the house calendar was the Burr anti-pool bill, which prohibits pool selling anywhere and goes into effect as soon as the governor signs it. It was passed—124 to 8—the negative votes being: Carmody, Carson, Dearborn, Drury Jones of Green, Smith of Macon, Snedecker and Wiwi. A friend of the bill gave notice of a motion to reconsider in order to have control of that motion. An attempt to reconsider the vote by which the proposition to abolish Chicago justices' courts was rejected was defeated. Governor Altgeld's message recommending the abolishment of certain boards was referred. The compulsory school bill then came up and the proposition to strike out the elementary school clause was carried by a strict party vote—Democrats voting aye—with the exception that Muir, Thiemann and Wilke, Republicans, voted for the striking out. Republicans the filibustered until the Democrats agreed to postpone the bill for two weeks.

SPRINGFIELD, March 31.—Governor Altgeld's propositions to abolish the board of claims and the fish commission were sent to the judiciary committee yesterday by the senate. All the nominations sent in Wednesday were confirmed. A joint resolution adjourning the legislature from today to April 5 was passed, as was the resolution to enable the Chicago yacht clubs to build a breakwater off Jackson park. The bill to increase the salaries of Chicago election commissioners was sent to third reading, and the bills were passed to insure uniformity in bank assessments; to enable executors to close an estate without danger of prosecution; and to abolish the claims commission. The bill requiring all teachers in the public schools to have either state or county certificates was sent to third reading.

In the house a communication was received from the attorney general the substance of which was that state auditors had no perquisities and should pay all the fees received into the state treasury; consequently all the previous auditors had broken the law; referred. The house then concurred in the joint adjournment resolution by which the legislature gets another week's rest and recreation. The bill in favor of the Chicago yacht clubs was referred. The bill to reduce the rate of interest on tax titles was ordered to first reading on a motion to reconsider the vote by which the adverse report thereon was adopted.

Public Debt Statement.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—The public debt statement for March, issued by the treasury department Saturday, appears in the same form that it has since Secretary Windom changed the form from that adopted by Secretary Manning and continued by Secretary Fairchild. Secretary Carlisle will, however, change the form of the debt statement between now and May 1, that is, he will, if he can find the time to give the matter the consideration it requires. He has already outlined in a general way the changes he intends to make, but as the subject is one that necessitates in a measure a change in keeping certain treasury accounts, he wants to give the subject thorough study before he announces a change of form.

Fatal Collision in Illinois.

EDWARDSVILLE, Ills., April 4.—Four men were killed and a number of others seriously injured in a collision on the Jacksonville Southern road near here last night. The dead are: C. Alspaugh, an engineer; James Hambley, a fireman; Hugh Woods, also a fireman, and Scotty Welch, a miner.

Among the injured are: J. F. Vandeveverter, baggage man, Virginia, Ills., seriously; Walter McGarrighan, engineer of the local, East St. Louis, badly; —— McKeenan, Glen Carbon, both legs mashed, amputated later—cannot live; Brakeman Foote, of No. 1, slightly; John Dye and family, slightly.

Senator Vilas' Daughter Dead.

MADISON, Wis., April 3.—Miss Nellie Vilas, the elder daughter of Senator Vilas, died here Monday morning at 11 o'clock of tonsolitis. An operation of tracheotomy was performed Sunday night. She was a great favorite, both at her home here and in Washington. Senator Vilas is fishing in Florida, and the family have not been able to reach him by telegraph for several days.

Was Tired of Life.

BENTON, Ills., April 3.—Robert Beasley, 62 years old, committed suicide at his son-in-law's house, ten miles east of this place. He lost a son last year and had since been despondent. He leaves an aged wife and two children who are prominent citizens of this county, of which he was a pioneer. He said shortly before the act that he was of no benefit to any one and wished he could die.

FRIGHTFUL HOLOCAUST.

Several Lives Lost in a Bradford, Pa., Fire.

DESTRUCTION OF HIGGINS' HOTEL.

It Was Occupied by a Large Number of Railway Men, Some of Whom Perished in the Flames—Others Jumped into a Creek and Were Rescued—Lives Lost at a Hotel Fire in Walnut Ridge, Ark.—Pennsylvania Mine Disaster.

BRADFORD, Pa., April 3.—Fire was discovered in the Higgins hotel on Main street at 4:20 o'clock Saturday morning. The hotel was occupied chiefly by railroad men, of whom there were about seventy-five asleep when the fire started. Many of the inmates jumped from widows into the creek, forty feet below and were rescued. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins escaped from the burning building after they were nearly suffocated by the smoke. Mrs. Higgins was badly injured and was carried to the Riddell House. The Riddell House has been transformed into a temporary hospital. In one room is Professor Neumeyer, of the Jamaica orchestra. His left foot was crushed, and he is seriously hurt internally. In another room J. W. Osborn lies, both legs broken, and his back is injured. In another apartment are two men, hurt internally and badly bruised about their heads. Two women are in another, burned about their faces and hands. One of the women has lost her baby, and her agony is pitiful.

The following persons known to be dead are: Thomas Cullen, Bradford; E. Havelin, Sunbury; Miss Georgia Bond, Bradford; George Parks, Bradford, and Baby Tucker, aged 3 years, drowned in the creek; several others are missing.

List of the injured: Hal Rhodes, ankle sprained; James Bryer, face hands and feet badly cut; W. D. Drysdale, Johnsonburg, injured internally; J. D. Cady, Jamestown, hurt about the head; H. J. Campbell, Bellwood, Pa., arm broken and hip dislocated; Harry Jones, cut about the head face and hands; James Brisson, head cut; W. J. Holliday, traveling salesman, ankle broken; Mrs. Weaver, burned about head and arms, her baby is missing; Juby Hannon, glassblower, cut about hands and head and injured internally; J. Cody, clerk, badly burned and injured from jumping; W. J. Osborne, Buffalo, injured about the back, and it is feared that his back is broken—considered fatal; Mrs. Higgins, hurt internally and badly burned; J. W. Newmeyer, leg broken; Mrs. E. Tucker and baby of Elmira, both badly burned about heads, hands and bodies; W. D. Dryscoll, injured internally; Richard Higgins, hand broken and burned; Ted Burns, fireman, badly hurt by falling wall; J. Pickard, night clerk, leg broken, hurt internally; Cook McNabe, head and face cut; Mike Collins, hand and shoulder injured; W. J. Hasted, injured internally.

FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION.

Father and Three Sons Blown to Pieces in Iowa.

DES MOINES, April 3.—A boiler explosion at Lacona Saturday killed a father and three sons outright. The killed are: John Kinnis, Sr.; Joel Kinnis, aged 21; John Kinnis, Jr., aged 19; Peter Kinnis, aged 11. Kinnis and his three sons were the only persons in the neighborhood of the boiler when it exploded and so no one can tell how the accident happened. People living near heard the explosion and when they reached the scene found the boiler and buildings in atoms and the bodies and parts of bodies of the men scattered about. The explosion was a violent one, parts of the body, a skull, and foot were found at a distance of 300 yards from the scene. The debris was scattered all around. Kinnis was a well known character in Warren county and had for years operated a portable sawmill. He leaves a wife and several younger children.

FATAL FIRE IN ARKANSAS.

Blaze in a Hotel Results in the Loss of Two Lives.

WALNUT RIDGE, Arril 3.—Fire which started in the third story of the Star hotel at 3 o'clock Saturday morning destroyed the hotel and several buildings adjoining and resulted in the loss of two lives. When the occupants of the hotel had reached the street it was discovered that the 7-year-son of Landlord Davidson was in the second story. An Irishman named Fitzgerald rushed up the burning stairs to save the child. Before either could return the walls fell and their charred bodies were found in the ruins several hours later. The flames spread to adjoining buildings and before the fire was extinguished one block and a half of the business houses of the town were destroyed. The total loss in stock and buildings is estimated at $125,000; insurance, $30,000.

TEN MINERS KILLED.

Frightful Effects of an Explosion in a Pennsylvania Mine.

SHAMOKIN, April 3.—A miner's lamp caused an explosion in the Neilson shaft at 7 o'clock Saturday morning. Ten men have been recovered from the shaft. They are: John Roble, married; James and Mike Brennan, single; John Ryan, single; Frederick Ginter, single; John Burtt, married; John Garry, married; John Bortrex, single; Nick Dolton, married, and Frank Shupis, single. The dead were all found in the Red Ash vein, to which place the smoke found its way from the vein 200 feet below.

Lit His Own Funeral Pyre.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., April 3.—A fire was discovered in the residence of Henry Shotwell here Friday. His young son Ralph, who was alone in the house had lighted some paper which set fire to the place. Before assistance could be rendered the boy was burned to death.

A Victim of Natural Gas.

FINDLAY, O., April 3.—While Thomas Southwell was cleaning a boiler at the electric light plant natural gas accumulated underneath the boiler and was exploded by a spark. Southwell was horribly burned and is dying. The works were greatly damaged.

Mine Disaster.

HAZELTON, Pa., April 3.—Another mine disaster has occurred here, and thirty miners are entombed.

LATER.—Ten miners have been rescued. Two are still in the mine and it is believed have been drowned.

An empty whisky barrel exploded at Austin, Tex., killing a small child.

MRS. CORBETT ON THE STAGE.

She Appears as Polly Graham in Her Husband's Play.

MONTREAL, April 4.—Mrs. Corbett, wife of the world's champion prize fighter, made her first appearance on the public stage here Monday night. The piece put on was "Gentleman Jack," in which Corbett is given an opportunity of showing his

MRS. J. J. CORBETT.

pugilistic science. Mrs. Corbett took the part of Polly Graham, a college widow, a small character, but she created a favorable impression. She was by far the prettiest woman of the company. She acted in a vivacious and natural manner. Mrs. Brady wife of Corbett's manager, also made her debut in the character of Corbett's sweetheart, but beyond appearing very attractive, her acting was not notable.

Disorderly Audience.

Toward the close the audience acted in a very disorderly order. They broke down the doors and tore up the seats. Another row occurred in the last act when the crowd made a rush for behind the scenes to give Corbett an ovation. The police were called in and used their clubs freely and finally beat the crowd back, but for a time the theatre was a scene of the greatest uproar and riot.

BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

Meeting of the Court of Arbitration in the City of Paris.

PARIS, April 4.—The court of arbitration to pass upon the differences between Great Britain and America, as to the seal fisheries in Behring sea, began its session at 11:40 Tuesday in a large apartment in the office of the French foreign ministry. Many American ladies were among the audience. Sir Charles Russell, the British attorney general, of counsel for Great Britain, opened the arguments by moving that Mr. Campbell should furnish to the court a copy of the report of Sir Henry Elliott on the Behring sea question. Ex-Attorney General Webster spoke in support of the motion and Mr. Phelps and Mr. J. S. Carter of counsel for the United States, delivered addresses in reply. The court adjourned at 1:40 p. m.

Would Produce the Report.

Mr. Phelps said in his argument that the United States communicated the original report in February. Mr. Carter contended that the United States would be justified in refusing to produce the report asked for, but would produce it in order to remove the causes of British cavilling. Among the ladies in the audience were Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Coudert, Mrs. Harlan, Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Lansing, and Misses Elkins, Cockrell and Shields. General Williams and his wife, United States Minister Coolidge, Lord Coleridge, chief justice of England, and Lord S. Hand were also present. The Baron de Courcelles, president of the court, announced that Colonel Bailly Blankhard had been appointed associate secretary.

FATAL RAILWAY WRECK.

Four Persons Killed and Several Others Injured.

EDWARDSVILLE, Ills., April 4.—A terrible accident occurred at 6:15 o'clock Monday night on the Jacksonville Southeastern railroad about three miles south of Edwardsville, near Glen Vernon, a mining village. Four were killed and a number of others seriously injured. The killed are: Cal Ahspaugh, engineer of No. 10; Jim Hambley, fireman of No. 10; "Scotty" Welsh, workman in Mine No. 1 at Glen Carbon; Hugh Woods, fireman of No. 29.

Some of the Injured.

Among the injured are: John Dye and family, slightly injured; —— Foote, brakeman of No. 10, slightly injured; Walter McGarrighan, engineer of the local, badly injured in the back and head, sent to his home at East St. Louis, Ills.; —— McKeenean, driver at mine No. 1, Glen Carbon, both legs mashed; they were amputated and it is thought he can not live over night, his home is at Bonne Terre, Mo.; J. F. Vandeverter, baggageman, seriously injured, sent to his home at Virginia, Ills. Many others whose names could not be ascertained were injured slightly. No. 29, a local freight going south, and No. 10, a passenger accommodation going north, collided, completely wrecking the freight train, both engines, and one passenger car.

IMPORTANT NOMINATIONS.

Names of Three Ministers and Several Consuls Sent In.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The president Tuesday sent the following nominations to the senate: James O. Broadhead of Missouri, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Switzerland. Bartlett Trip of South Dakota, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Austria-Hungary. Eben Alexander of North Carolina, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Greece, Roumania and Servia.

To be consuls of the United States: James E. Neal of Ohio, at Liverpool; James M. Dobbs of Georgia, at Valparaiso; O. O. Eckford of Mississippi, at Kingston, Jamaica; David N. Burke of New York, at Pernambuco; Edgar Whidden of Maine, at St. Stephen, N. B.; Henry F. Merritt of Illinois, at Bremen; Asa D Dickinson of New York, at Nottingham; Benjamin Lenthier of Massachusetts at Sherbrooke; Charles E. Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, to be appraiser of merchandise in the district of Philadelphia; Paul F. Faison of North Carolina, to be an Indian inspector.

Elections in Ohio.

CLEVELAND, April 4.—Robert Blee, Democrat, was elected mayor of Cleveland by a plurality of 1,517 over W. J. Akers, the Republican candidate. The Democrats elected the city treasurer and seven out of ten councilmen. The Republican candidates for police judge and police prosecutor were elected by majorities of nearly 3,000 each.

CINCINNATI, April 4.—Complete but unofficial returns from the entire city give Hunt, Dem., for superior judge, 600 majority; Rehse, Rep., for police court clerk 5,000 majority; McGranahan, Rep., for magistrate, 300.

A Pointer for M. Arton.

PARIS, April 4.—M. Andrieux started Sunday on his search for M. Arton. He says he will avoid every city or village where the French police or detectives have been sent.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of General Interest Picked from Here and There.

The elastic web concerns of the country which manufacture rubber goring for shoe trade are about to pool their issues.

A burglar entered the postoffice at Bainbridge, Ind., and stole all the stamp money on hand. He secured $100 and overlooked as much more, which was in the money order department.

John Patterson, Jr., shot and fatally wounded his uncle, John Patterson, Sr., at Middlesborough, Ky. Both were drinking. Al Burnst and Joe Parton also engaged in a pistol duel, in which Parton was badly wounded.

Colonel H. H. Gregg has resigned from the Missouri World's fair commission.

Eleven prisoners escaped from jail at Middlesborough, Ky.

The bill incorporating the North American Canal company was passed by the Canadian parliament. The company will construct a canal from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, deepen the St. Lawrence canal and cut the canal from St. Francis to Lake Champlain and thence to the Hudson river.

* * *

Francis Murphy's son Tom has got 14,000 Hartford men to sign the temperance pledge.

The new trustees of the Illinois Soldiers' home will meet in Springfield April 6. There are several candidates for superintendent.

The officers of the State Firemen's Association of Iowa have decided to hold the next tournament in Sioux City some time in June.

Several of the cannons captured during the Revolutionary and Mexican wars which have lain for years on the bluff at West Point, known as Trophy point, overlooking the Hudson, have been shipped to the Columbian exposition.

Caroline Gerardy, on trial for the murder of her husband at Knox, Ind., was sentenced to two years in the female reformatory.

The Rev. James Hill of Champion, Ia., has received from the secretary of war a medal of honor for bravery displayed at the battle of Champion Hills, where he, unaided, captured three Confederate pickets.

In the Knox college annual oratorical contest at Galesburg, Ills., John Boys of Metamora, Ills., was awarded first prize and George Gale of Galesburg second.

* * *

Bismarck, whose birthday falls on All Fool's day, will be 78 Saturday.

A rabid dog in Creswell township, Kan., killed forty hogs, seriously injuring three others, and bit a cow before his career was cut short by a bullet.

John Pease, a student of the Indiana state university at Bloomington, was killed by the bursting of a circular saw at a mill in Lebanon, Ind.

Mgr. Satolli, papal delegate, will not make an extended trip west as has been rumored, but will attend the opening of the World's fair exposition in his official capacity of World's fair commissioner.

John Fletcher was drowned at Leavenworth, Kan., by the swamping of an overloaded sandboat.

General Anthouard de Vraincourt, who died at the age of 97 a fortnight or more ago, was almost the last survivor of the wars of the first empire. He had just left the military school of St. Cyr when he took part in the battle of Waterloo.

* * *

Governor Pattison has appointed Mrs. E. D. Gillespie as a commissioner to collect colonial relics of Pennsylvania for exhibition in the United States buildings at the World's fair.

Engineer William Gray was killed and Fireman Lewis Mitchell fatally injured in a wreck on the Georgia Pacific at Waco, Ala.

The dead body of a man supposed to be named Glasscock was found near Joplin, Mo. The evidences surrounding the body indicated murder.

The governor of Pennsylvania has issued the death warrant of Pietro Buccieri, an Italian, who murdered his nurse, a Sister of Mercy, in a hospital at Reading. He will be hanged June 1.

Walter E. Chapman, wanted at Watertown, N. Y., for embezzlement, was arrested at Raymond, Wis.

A great prairie fire is raging at Culbertson, Neb., and vicinity. The whole valley between Trenton and Culbertson has been burned over. Much stock perished.

Charles E. Giles, a real estate agent, was killed at Cleveland by a sign board loosened by the wind.

* * *

Bob Talton, who was to have been hanged at Talequah, I. T., has been granted a respite of thirty days by Chief Harris.

The spinners, loom fixers, weavers, and card room unions at New Bedford, Mass., have organized the Textile Trades council.

The Union club of New York has engaged Captain Charles Percy Smith, formerly of the British army, as its superintendent at a salary of $5,000 year.

Treasurer Nebeker has mailed 27,336 checks, aggregating $4,859,093, for the interest due for April 1 on United States registered 4 per cent. consols of 1907.

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon scrofula ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 130 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It. t. KOOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 8, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Modjeska.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Russell's Comedians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Country Circus."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Richard Mansfield.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Gloriana."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"McFee, of Dublin."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—"Later On."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

NOTICE.

All subscribers and readers of THE CITIZEN, and all others whom it may concern, are hereby notified that one Patrick J. Flynn, residing at Halsted street and Thirty-seventh court, [illegible] employed by THE CITIZEN in any capacity. They are, furthermore, warned against having any business transactions with him, so far as this paper is concerned.

CARTER'S SCALP DANCE.

It pays to ride on horseback. Carter Harrison has been elected mayor, after a spirited battle, in which Samuel W. Allerton, a businessman rather than a politician, bore himself right gallantly. But the man on horseback won. The infantry had no chance against him. Everybody can see the man in the saddle. It pays, we repeat, to ride on horseback—as publicly as possible. We recommend every prospective candidate for public honors to patronize a riding school for a year or two.

It pays to make incoherent speeches. The people like a man they cannot fully understand. There is a certain mystic grandeur about a statesman whose ideas are clouded by a Scotch mist of mixed metaphors. If Carter Harrison could make a consecutive speech, on any given subject, he would never have been re-elected mayor of Chicago. The people readily fall in love with a man who can talk two hours and never touch upon the realm of logic.

It pays to speak coarsely of national habits. A majority of the people see a species of reckless courage in a candidate who has no fear of "John," or "Pat," or "Hans," or "Sam," and yet who knows how to rub him the right way, after he has sufficiently rubbed him against the grain.

It pays to be eccentric, yet practical. Carter Harrison is both. He has a dash of George Francis Train with a copious draught of Long John Wentworth in his political stomach, but his eccentricity never interferes with his practicality, and his despotism, while it lashes his party into line, never offends the masses of his supporters.

Carter Harrison is not a candidate. He is an institution. He was born in Kentucky but the finishing touches were put on in Chicago. He could hardly be elected mayor in any other great city of the world. He is as cold as ice to friendship, and yet he inspires with a kind of shamefaced affection the very men who most despise his political methods. It is doubtful if Carter Harrison has in Chicago a single close friend or a single deadly foe. Of what other human being who lives here could this be said with truth?

Well, this extraordinary character is again mayor of Chicago. We did our best to beat him, but we owe him no ill will. Since he has whipped us all, the press, the pulpit, the platform and the patriots, he is entitled to do some crowing, and we shall enjoy hearing him make the welkin ring with his note of triumph. First, let the rooster crow. Then, take the cobweb covered eagle out of the municipal closet and let him soar and scream to his heart's content.

We have no favors to ask of Carter, except to clean the streets and bar out the cholera. This ought to be an easy task after what he has accomplished. He is the World's Fair mayor-elect, and not among all the many curios to be exhibited at that Fair can be found a greater curio than himself. We do not say this in a contemptuous sense, for we really admire a man who can knock down his political opponents with one hand, stiletto his party rivals with the other, and ride roughshod over a million and a half of people with the ease and grace of a Roman emperor. In Chicago there are no longer Republicans or Democrats. Carter has bursted both parties, and has built a civic throne for himself out of the ruins. He owes as much of his victory to his Republican as to his Democratic fellow citizens. Therefore, it is to be hoped, he will signalize his new regime by dealing impartially with all his subjects. Following is the vote for the two principal mayoral candidates by wards:

Ward.	Allerton.	Harrison.
First	1,288	2,989
Second	2,100	2,580
Third	2,837	2,547
Fourth	3,445	2,362
Fifth	2,521	3,814
Sixth	1,808	5,589
Seventh	1,718	3,010
Eighth	925	3,874
Ninth	2,009	4,181
Tenth	2,819	4,412
Eleventh	3,272	3,410
Twelfth	6,484	4,882
Thirteenth	3,456	3,500
Fourteenth	3,147	3,410
Fifteenth	2,992	4,052
Sixteenth	1,945	4,733
Seventeenth	1,137	2,321
Eighteenth	1,946	3,935
Nineteenth	1,882	5,445
Twentieth	2,152	2,110
Twenty-first	2,287	2,940
Twenty-second	2,408	2,373
Twenty-third	2,277	3,150
Twenty-fourth	3,066	3,353
Twenty-fifth	3,418	2,157
Twenty-sixth	2,840	2,893
Twenty-seventh	1,311	782
Twenty-eighth	939	1,182
Twenty-ninth	1,736	3,955
Thirtieth	5,174	4,889
Thirty-first	3,800	1,837
Thirty-second	5,000	2,389
Thirty-third	1,968	2,667
Thirty-fourth	3,919	2,962
Total	90,035	110,645
Harrison's plurality		20,610

Later figures increase the vote to about 3,000 additional for each candidate.

POPULARIZING THE SENATE.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, is disquited by the proposition, now widely entertained, of having Federal senators [illegible] by the popular vote, instead [illegible] respective state legislatures. [illegible] Washington dispatch of Tuesday says:

"It appears from a resolution introduced in the senate today as if the debate on the subject of the election of senators by a direct vote of the people was to be renewed at this extra session of the senate. Mr. Hoar introduced a resolution antagonistic to that proposition, and gave notice that as soon as convenient after tomorrow he would address the senate on the resolution. The resolution declares that it is inexpedient that the resolution sent to the senate by the house during the last congress should be adopted, for such a method of election would essentially change the character of the senate as conceived by the convention that formed the constitution and the people who adopted it. It would, the resolution continues, transfer the selection of senators from the legislatures intrusted with all legislative powers of the states to bodies having no clear responsiblility, whose election cannot be regulated by law, whose members vote by proxy, whose tenure of office is for a single day, whose votes and proceedings are not recorded, and who act under no personal responsibility. It requires the substitution of pluralities for majorities; transfers the seat of political power in great states, now distributed evenly over their territory, to the great cities and masses of population; creates new temptation to fraud, and will give rise to numerous election contests; will absolve the larger states from the constitutional obligation which secures equal represention of all states in the senate by providing that no state shall be deprived of that equality without its consent.

"In conclusion, the resolution says such a method implies what the whole current of our history shows to be untrue—that the senate has, during the past century, failed to meet the just expectations of the people, and that the state legislatures have proved themselves unfit to be the depositories of the power of electing senators. The reasons which require this change, if acted upon and carried to their logical result, will lead to the election by the direct popular vote and by popular majorities of the president and of the judiciary and will compel the placing of these elections under complete national control. It will result in the overthrow of the whole scheme of the senate and in the end of the whole scheme of the national constitution as designed and established by its framers and the people who adopted it."

Mr. Hoar's objections read plausibly enough, but every intelligent citizen knows that very many members of the senate owe their seats in that body to their moneyed prestige rather than to personal merit. Because a man is wealthy should be no bar to his ambition to be senator, but if he has no other qualification for the office but wealth—as very often happens—he should not be placed in a position of the very highest dignity and responsibility. Then the numerous secret—called executive—sessions held by the senate are distasteful to thinking people. The Russian treaty is an illustration of the faults of the system. Nothing that affects the honor or the interests of the nation should be kept a secret from the people, who are supposed to be, if they are not, the fountain head of our popular government. Mr. Hoar's arguments are adroit, but we think a very large section of the American people would be glad to see the useless electoral college business abandoned and the president elected by the direct vote of the people. The Constitution of 1789 was a fine document—excellent for that age—but this, we beg leave to remind Mr. Hoar, is 1893. America has outgrown her infantile conditions. She no longer needs the moral paregoric supplied by the senate, as constituted, and would prefer a healthy change. Men wore night caps, in 1789, Mr. Hoar. They do so no longer, Mr. Hoar. But you may be an exception.

A PATRIOT PRIEST.

Among the many orators who fired the Irish heart on St. Patrick's Day, the ever patriotic Father Edward Hayes, of Imogene, Iowa, stands pre-eminent for boldness of view and vigor of expression. Speaking on "The Day We Celebrate" at St. Patrick's Cchurch, Burlington, on the night of Ireland's festival, the Rev. Father said:

"Viewing the day as a whole, we can challenge the world to produce anything to compare with it. In its religious aspect, it has no parallel. It is a grand and inspiring spectacle, this gathering together today of the scattered millions of Ireland's sons and daughters. From sun to sun, almost from pole to pole, their eyes and hearts today turn toward the green isle of the seas. In every city are marching through the streets stately columns of stalwart men, millions of them, and flashing throgh the grand pageants the gleam of swords and bayonets give hope that, even in our day, we may hear the roar of cannon announcing the freedom of old Ireland. In spite of the fact that England's brutal force has been brutally applied in Ireland for seven hundred years, it has failed to crush out the hope of liberty that surges through the heart of every Irishman. It is a matter of universal comment with those unacquninted with Irish character that the feeling still exists. They do not know the Irish. Ireland has been conquered time and again, but she has never been subdued, nor has she recognized England as her master, and she never will."

TOM MOORE VS. "LUD" TENNYSON.

A writer in the Chicago *Israelite* writes thus: "The esteemed CITIZEN, speaking of Tennyson, says, 'If he had been really a great poet like Byron or Moore * * * .' I am afraid my brother Finerty allows his political feelings to sway his critical acumen. Now, politically, I sympathize with my able colleague, but, though I love the sweet strains of Tom Moore, I keep Tennyson within easier reaching distance upon my bookshelf. Anyhow, I cannot understand the vast admiration the Irish have for Moore. He was English in everything, except that he happened to have been born in Ireland. Outside of a few ballads, no one would have known from his writings that he was not born within sound of Bow Bells. When it comes to Byron, I am with brother Finerty."

We hasten to assure our excellent contemporary that THE CITIZEN never allows politics to bias its literary judgment. For example, no man more admires the literary style of Macaulay, Froude and Lecky than the editor of THE CITIZEN, although he abhors the politics of the two first named, and despises the gifted author of "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" for being an enemy to the national autonomy of the land that gave him birth. Thomas Moore was the friend of universal liberty. He never betrayed Ireland—he never betrayed the cause of humanity. It is true that circumstances placed him under some obligations to the British and Irish aristocracy, but his melodies had more to do with perpetuating the spirit of Irish nationality than any other medium, until the meteoric shower of Young Ireland's poetical genius temporarily lessened the brilliancy of his star. Yet, today, the harp of Moore thrills the soul of his country more powerfully than ever. Ireland has wept salt tears for Emmet whenever "When He Who Adores Thee," or "O, Breathe Not His Name," has been sung. A single lyric of his, in O'Connell's proudest day, stirred the hearts of millions—

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouched and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brow with victory glowing:
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side
And the foe we hate—before us!

Who restrung the long untuned harp of Tara? Thomas Moore. Who poured out the passionate sorrow of Ireland over "the red burial" of her hopes on the slopes of Aughrim? Thomas Moore.

Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave!
All gone, and the bright hope they cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave.
O, could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;
Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,
Oh, 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,
To let tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past, and tho' blazoned in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads on the hearts of the free;
Far dearer the grave, or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruin to fame!

Were ever nobler sentiments compressed into a space so small? Then, again, he rebukes sectarian bigotry in words which people of all races—aye, even American freemen, who pride themselves on a freedom from religious prejudice, which is often self-deluding—might study with profit:

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried
If he kneels not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No—perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

The limits of a newspaper article could not possibly cover the wide range of Moore's poetical genius, or do justice to his incorruptible patriotism, and profound humanitarianism. He had even a word of eloquent lamentation for the fall of Jerusalem, which no Israelite, or sentimental person of any nation, can read without emotion. It is the sad history of Judea in a few stanzas:

Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains,
Thy dwellings all lie desolate
Thy children weep in chains:
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from heaven which led thee
Now lights thy path no more!

Lord! thou dids't love Jerusalem—
Once she was all thine own—
Her love thy fairest heritage—
Her power thy glory's throne!
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long loved olive tree;
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other Gods than Thee!

Then sank the star of Solyma—
Then passed her glory's day,
Like heath that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away!
Silent and waste the bowers,
Where once her mighty trod;
And sunk those guilty towers
While Baal reigned as God!

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors,
Steep in her blood your swords;
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's;
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead."

We doubt if there is, in the whole range of literature, a more powerful description of the ruin of a great people than the foregoing heart moving lines. Tennyson could not produce them in a thousand years, and there is no production of equal power, so condensed, so truthful, so terrible, in all his vaunted poetry.

No, friend *Israelite*, the man who, without seeing Persia, or the Orient in any sense, wrote a poem—a series of poems rather—Lalla Rookh—which was translated into Persian, and became as familiar in the bowers of Teheran as in the drawing-rooms of London, was a man of genius; and the man who, springing from a lowly state, courted, petted and benefitted by the proudest of all proud aristocracies, still remained a patriot, ranks higher than Tennyson. Byron who, as is well known, did not rank contemporaneous poets, if we may except Shelly and Campbell, very high, and who was by no means liberal of his praise, called Moore "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own." In his Irish Avatar he says—

If aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt for nation so servile, tho' sore,
Which, tho' trod like the worm, will not turn upon power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan, the genius of Moore!

And, on leaving him for the last time, the great Scoto-Saxon poet, remembering Moore before and above all other friends and poets, honored him by those verses which have been sung by the lips of all English-speaking nations, concluding:

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink,
In that water as this wine,
The libation I should pour
Would be peace to thine and mine
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

It is contemplated by the Irish-Americans of Chicago to raise a monument to Moore in some public place of this city, and a celebration, having the formation of a nucleus of a fund for that object in view, will be held at Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, May 27 next, which will be the 114th anniversary of the poet's birth.

WHY NOT SELECT ANOTHER SITE?

THE CITIZEN observes, with regret, the following telegram to the daily papers:

"WASHINGTON, April 3.—In consequence of the opposition of the park commissioners of Chicago to the use of any portion of Washington Park as an encampment ground for troops, it now appears that the intention of the War Department to have a battalion of regular troops and a corps of cadets from West Point at Chicago during a part of the summer will have to be abandoned."

The presence here during the summer of a highly trained body of American National troops would be instructive, as well as interesting. Our people should become more familiar with the regular army and with the young men of the military academy who will, in the near future, form the great majority of its officers. If the commissioners will not permit them to use a portion of Washington Park, there is no good reason why another site, as convenient as possible to the World's Fair grounds, should not be rented for the purposes of an encampment. There is plenty of vacant property in that vicinity, and a few thousand dollars should not stand in the way. This is a rich country and can well afford the additional expense, considering the good results, to our militia especially, that would grow out of citizen familiarity with the methods of the regular army in the matter of drill, guard mounting and other minutiæ of the service. Congress is not in session, and that, of course, will stand in the way of an appropriation for the purpose, but there must be some way of meeting the difficulty. Let us have an encampment of regulars at the Fair that will do credit to the martial genius of the country.

THE DESPICABLE ORANGE TRAITORS

The antics of ex-Secretary Balfour in "Ulster"—seemingly a new Tory term for all Ireland—would be amusing if they were not vicious. He is on a mission to "the Black North." His design is to stir up all the bad blood of the Orangemen against the proposed Home Rule enactment. The bile of these people has overflowed, and their whole system is poisoned by it. They are afflicted with political jaundice. Balfour's business in Ulster is to foment rebellion against the proposed semi-independent Irish government. His oratory, addressed to the Orangemen, is of the "don't nail his ears to the pump" variety. Hear him, as reported from Belfast on Tuesday: "He prayed to God that the Irish loyalists *would not be compelled to fight* for their rights. He believed that such a calamity would be averted, yet the tyranny of majorities might be found to be as bad as the tyranny of kings. He could not deny conscientiously that what was justifiable against a tyrannical king was, under certain circumstances, *justifiable against a tyrannical majority.* He trusted, however, that such circumstances would never arise," etcetera.

Well, according to Balfour's reasoning, England, as against the national sentiment of Ireland, has been, and is, "a tyrannical majority." It has been so from 1169, to 1691, in part; and from the latter year to the present as a whole. Yet the Englishmen of Balfour's school, and, for that matter, of all schools, who have governed Ireland during at least two centuries, have not hesitated to hang, draw and quarter all Irishmen who have acted on Mr. Balfour's thinly veiled Belfast suggestions. Ireland at this day, can wish for nothing better than that "Ulster"—the Orange part thereof—should take up arms against her liberties. The Orangemen love freedom for themselves, but want slavery for the non-Orange portion of their countrymen. They are a pack of howling braggarts, whose military record is inglorious. They ran away from Hamilton's dragoons at the Boyne, and their cowardly conduct brought a sneer from the contemptuous lips of William of Orange. At Aughrim they did nothing worthy of note. In all their battles they had most of continental Europe with them against Ireland. In the Cromwellian war, their ancestors, under Monroe, were disastrously defeated at Benburb, June 16, new style, 1646, by the Irish army under Owen Roe O'Neill. Their yeomanry dared not look either the Presbyterian or Catholic "rebels" in the face during the bloody campaigns of 1798. They were chiefly noted as runaways from the field and as murderers of the helpless and innocent. As ravishers and assassins, they left completely in the shade the English regulars and the Hessian mercenaries. The Scotch Highlanders, serving against their Irish kindred, despised their Orange allies. As brave men, although fighting in a bad cause, they could not help it. Both Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Sir John Moore—gallant Scotch generals in the British service, who died sword in hand, the one at Alexandria and the other at Corunna—have left on record their low opinion of the Orange yeomanry. They were disgracefully beaten on every battlefield of Wexford. They were the first to run from Castlebar. A detachment of the Sixth Carbineers (Inniskillingers) made such good time from that field that they reached Athlone, over eighty miles distant, early next day.

We hope Orange "Ulster" will fight. We would like to be convinced that the Irish Orangemen have acquired enough pluck since 1798 to fight a moderately decent battle. We hope Gladstone will let the rest of Ireland "tackle" them—no English troops interfering—and then if they can whip the descendants of the men of the Yellow Ford, and Benburb and Oulart Hill, they ought to be allowed to govern Ireland. Their military pretensions make us sick—the presumptuous, cowardly unnatural vermin—the scum of God's otherwise pleasant earth. These foul beasts hate the land that bore them. Nothing like them can be found in the history of the world. They stand alone in unapproachable infamy. They are a disgrace not alone to the Protestant religion, to the decent portion of the Irish Protestants, but to all religion and all Protestants. If they raise their sacrilegious hands against the autonomy of Ireland, they should be exterminated, as irreclaimable traitors, by their long-suffering fellow-countrymen of all creeds. And, supplementing them, come the Orange Catholics, who have declared against "Home Rule." The ignoble "O'Conor Don"—the despicable "Sir" Henry Grattan Bellew, the unspeakable Daniel O'Connell, Jr., grandson of the Liberator (?) and others of the same ilk, have reinforced the Orange students of Trinity college, Dublin, who publicly tore the Home Rule bill to pieces in the Irish metropolis, with their added baseness. Well, well, Ireland has survived worse conditions than even this. She will survive this one and bury it—never to be resurrected.

MR. ALLERTON received nearly 94,000 votes for mayor. This is an excellent showing for a man who is not a political expert. He has no reason to feel ashamed of the record he has made as a candidate.

MR. PETER MCDONALD, father of the Rev. Father Stewart McDonald of this city, and a venerable and respected resident of Chicago for many years, died on Friday of last week after a brief illness. He was a devout communicant of the Catholic church, and a man who, by a long career of industry and integrity, won the highest regards of his fellow citizens. May he rest in peace.

JAMES W. CRAWFORD has been defeated for North Town assessor by William T. Ball.

FOR keeping candidates for Federal office in nameless agony, President Cleveland surpasses even ex-President Harrison. It would be interesting to know how much margin, supposing their ambition is attained, expectant postmasters, collectors, consuls, and soforth, will have left from their prospective salaries after their hotel bills are paid. Many of those who hope in vain will "go broke," unless Washington rates have been lowered of late years.

TIMOTHY E. RYAN defeated James L. Monaghan for the West Town assessorship, after a most spirited contest.

THE CITIZEN is sorry to have to announce the sad domestic affliction which has befallen Mr. and Mrs. Matthew P. Brady, in the death of their little daughter, Ruth. They have the deepest sympathy of THE CITIZEN in their great sorrow.

IT is said that Carter Harrison will appoint J. S. Townsend, a West Sider, oil inspector, instead of Col. Harry F. Donovan. The latter did more effective work for Carter than any one man among his following. But that West Town's end is always getting in the way of candidates from other parts of the city.

THE new council will be Republican, so that the Eagle will have to look out for his tail feathers, if he gets on a rampage.

THE Chicago *Tribune* of Tuesday says, very pungently: "Mr. George Washington Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, is sorely disturbed. That bad man, William Ewart Gladstone, is disrupting the British empire, revolutionizing the constitution of the United Kingdom, destroying the ancient privileges of the house of commons, and invading the rights of private members, etc. All this harrows the loyal American(?) soul of Smalley. Mr. Gladstone may go too far in hurting the feelings of this good man."

THE contest for South Town assessor between William Fitzgerald and Henry Best has been so close that only the official count can settle the matter. Both made a vigorous campaign.

GEORGE A. TRUDE has been elected city attorney over James C. MacShane. The latter made a brilliant canvass and won a host of friends during the campaign. He will be heard from again in Chicago public life.

MICHAEL J. BRANSFIELD has been elected treasurer over Bernhard Nieb-ling. Mr. Bransfield is a decent citizen and will make an excellent public officer. He is now chief clerk for Treasurer Kiolbassa.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W. S. D.," Detroit—Next week.

"WAR-LORDS."

The Men Who Are Likely to Direct Scientific Slaughter in the Next European War.

Most of Them Have Passed Middle Age, But Their Military Energy Remains Unimpaired.

Considering the immense strides in military science resulting in the late inventions of smokeless powder and improved magazine rifles, it is beyond all doubt that the next European war will surpass all preceding ones in its destruction of life and its far-reaching political consequences.

Reflecting thus, one's thoughts at once revert to the question as to what generals will direct the European armies. Many new men will come to the front who are now unknown, because war is the soldier's opportunity, bringing to the surface and developing his capacity and genius. In confronting these new men, bred under modern conditions and trained in all the newer tactics, the older commanders will be severely tested, and it is not easy to predict the result which may ensue.

Germany, whose military forces are credited with being the best organized in the world, has none of the great war generals of 1870 to lead her cohorts. Von Blumenthal, the last of the old regime to retire, has resigned from active service. Very distinguished in his day, especially as a strategist, he will be of no avail in an advisory capacity during the coming struggle. He was effective and successful when in harness, and his experience should be valuable to the juniors.

Von Waldersee today is foremost in the ranks of the German officers. He has seen service and done good fighting in the war against Denmark in 1864, and was also in the Austrian campaign of 1866. Von Waldersee was trained in the artillery, and entered the army in 1850. During 1870 he was chief of the staff to the Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin. In a great sense he is looked upon in Germany as an evolution of the fall of Bismarck.

He had a serious dispute with the late chancellor over the artillery estimates in the early part of 1889. And yet it is true that during the reign of the late Emperor William he was rather a protege of Bismarck, who encouraged the kaiser in his disposition to advance Waldersee, whose appointment as assistant to Von Moltke put him in direct line of promotion to the highest position. The belief Von Moltke always displayed in Von Waldersee's capacity, and the advantage the leader enjoyed for so long, as associate and deputy of the illustrious field marshal, would certainly justify, it seems, his advancement to the position of chief of staff. Curiously enough, he was in temporary banishment when Von Moltke died, and was summoned expressly by the emperor to assume command.

His career is a remarkable instance of successful ambition, for it is known that the constant purpose of his life has been to reach the goal of success. American gold has had no small share in enabling him to attain his ends, for the influence which wealth undoubtedly gave him, and which contributed to his advancement, was gained through his marriage to an American, the widow of Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein.

Waldersee is a picturesque figure. Some think this is all that can be said, but there is a practical side to his character. He has already shown good qualities in the field and in the bureau. As to his probable success in the role of chief director of the movements of a vast army in time of war, all is surmise. He has yet to win his spurs in that arena. But if he has natural genius, the training he underwent as Moltke's representative, joined to the fact of his comparative youth, for he is only 52, and his being familiar with the most recent ideas of warfare, should suffice to render his chances of winning distinction in the great part he will be called on to play in case of war at least reasonably good.

It is the opinion of many army officers in Germany that the man who will most distinguish himself during the coming war will be Gen. Von Alvesleben, commander of the Thirteenth Army Corps. All familiar with the stirring episodes of the war of 1870 will recall this officer's brilliant share in the sanguinary conflicts around Metz and the prodigies of valor he performed at the head of Germany's most dashing cavalry corps. It is even said but for his presence of mind at Mars La Tour, coupled with firm resolution, a portion of Bazaine's forces would have succeeded in cutting their way through the German lines and joining MacMahon at Chalons. The present emperor is a warm admirer of Alvensleben, and recently conferred further honors on this veteran, whereat the French press took special umbrage, which is only on a par with their usual sensitiveness. Alvensleben is a man of commanding presence, soldierly, tall and erect, and altogether a fine type of the modern German warrior. His family is one of highest standing in Prussia, and they are inseparably connected with the war history of the country. He has several brothers and near relatives in the army, all of whom hold good records.

France will look to Gen. Gallifet when war breaks out, with perhaps more of expectation than to any other of her military sons. While he is not likely to take supreme command, at least during the commencement of hostilities, for actual hard fighting and feats of valor he is pretty certain to gain the most distinction. Essentially a picturesque figure, and invested with all the valor of a typical hero of arms, Gallifet is entirely free from the vulgar theatrical attributes of Boulanger. He is only mentioned here in connection with the latter, because of his being a popular idol. Though not a hero of the masses in the sense that Boulanger was—his noble origin drawing towards him the special affection of the aristocracy—Gen. Gallifet's heroic performances in 1870 have established his reputation upon an enduring foundation, and were such as to have left no doubt of his genuine claim to be considered a hero in the truest and highest sense of the term.

Born in Paris in 1830, he entered the cavalry as a private. Always an efficient soldier, he was rapidly promoted. It remained for him to cover himself with glory during the Franco-German war. He was made a general of division in 1875, and is now senior officer in that grade. On the fatal field of Sedan, Gallifet, at the head of his cavalry brigade, charged against the stolid German masses with such reckless fury and astounding valor that Emperor William cried aloud to the officers of his staff as he and they watched with astonishment the onslaught of the French horsemen, "Ah, the brave fellows, how they rush to their death."

Taken prisoner at Sedan, Gallifet offered to exchange himself for Prussian officers, and agreed to go back to the French army as a private, and to promise not to resume his rank during the war. MacMahon had told Gambetta that they should try to get Gallifet back on any terms, as his presence was indispensable to enable the French to organize the guerilla warfare of the Franc Tireurs. But the Prussians were unwilling to give up the man of whose restless energy in the field they had seen so much. And thus Gallifet's services were lost to France for a time—and at such a time! Once a Bonapartist, this great soldier has been won over to the republic. As he at present commands the armies of the West, it follows that Gen. Gallifet's section of the army will have to meet the brunt of fighting when war comes.

Gen. Mirabel is the most distinguished among the French scientific officers. He is somewhat after the Moltke school, being erudite and learned. He has been a close student all his life, and has demonstrated that he is capable of applying his knowledge in a practical manner. His services during the siege of Paris were very distinguished. He was all through the Crimean campaign, and served in Mexico and in the Italian war. Mirabel is an artillery officer. He graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique in 1853, and was made general of division in 1880. Being now chief of the general staff, he has attained the highest possible position for an officer of his branch of the military art.

The reorganization of the French army, accomplished within the last few years, was largely planned and supervised by General Mirabel. Silent and thoughtful, he does not present the dashing, picturesque personality so attractive to the average onlooker, characteristic of such soldiers as Gallifet. Yet, it must not be forgotten that men of Mirabel's stamp constitute, after all, the brains of an army and that to their patient, untiring research and cool judgment in the hour of peril, are due not only exemption from disaster but also many of the signal triumphs which gild the military annals of a nation with the glory of conquest and renown.

In speaking of the French generals I have reserved Saussier for the last, because he has never been specially notable. Though his name is not so familiar to the general ear as those of some of his comrades in arms, his life has been marked by exciting incidents. In the Franco-German war he was only a colonel of the line, but fought with great bravery, especially at the battle of Borny. Taken prisoner by the Prussians, he escaped under dramatic circumstances from a fortress in Silesia. When the empire fell he was promoted general of division by the Government of National Defence. During the height of the Boulanger troubles Saussier, then, as, now, military governor of Paris, displayed unusual sagacity in dealing with the situation, and prevented Boulanger from achieving a *coup de'etat*. The republican government did not forget this service, and Saussier is now commander-in-chief. It is understood that he would take supreme command in case of war.

Of all the famous generals who commanded in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 upon the Russian side only one is left. This is General Gourko, the hero of Shipka Pass. Like Gallifet of France, Gourko, is a cavalry officer. He is the cavalry hero *par excellence* of the Muscovite army, and would take command in the field. In 1877, when the Russian forces had barely crossed the Pruth, Gourko, by a most brilliant reconnaissance, had reached the gates of Adrianople. He took the city of Tymore with a small detachment of cavalry and a single battery. His accomplishment of the remarkable feat of forcing his way through the Shipka Pass amid the rigors of winter is one of the greatest military achievments on record. By this Philipopolis and Sofia, as well as Adrianople, fell into the hands of the Russians. Dash and daring are the chief characteristics of Gourko, combined with a persistency of purpose and an iron will.

His incumbency of the governorship of Warsaw has not been quite acceptable to the Poles, who have experienced under him a rule of severity and stern suppression of all nationalist movements. General Gourko was born in Lithuania, the country of Tolstoi, in 1828. He began military life in the Cavalry of the Guard, and served in the Crimea in a minor capacity. It is generally admitted that he is capable of taking supreme command in the war of the future, and that he is likely to make a record in that position as brilliant in its greater degree as that which covered him with distinction as commander of the vanguard of the army in the war of 1877.

General Kourupatkine, the personal friend and comrade of the late lamented Skobeleff, with whom he shared the hardships and dangers of the Russo-Turkish war, and also the Tekke-Turcoman campaign, will, in my opinion, make a greater mark than any other Russian general when the next tocsin of war is sounded and he is called to a high command. Kourupatkine is eminently a man and a soldier of the Skobeleff type, and he has imbibed and personifies all the ideas and theories of that great office.

Like Skobeleff, he believes that Britain is the heriditary foe of Russia, and that she is only to be combated by force of arms. He is certain that the day must infallibly arrive when the armies of the czar will be marshalled forth to march upon India. He hopes that the command of the expedition will fall to his share, and that he will lead the Muscovite legions across the rugged ranges of Afghanistan and the arid table lands of the Pamirs to the frontiers of India. Kourupatkine holds to the Panslavistic warrior's creed that Russian domain should ever be extending. He is a prolific writer, and much of the army reforms are due to his suggestions.

General Obrutscheff, the chief of the staff of the Russian army, has the reputation of being an able tactician. He graduated under Nepokoitchitsky, who was chief of the staff in the war of 1877. Nepokoitchitsky was responsible for some bad blunders in the latter war, especially the failures round Plevna, in which the Russians suffered severely. Probably his protege, Obrutscheff, has profited by the blunders of his master, and learned how to avoid similar ones.

Austria is lamentably deficient in the possession of able generals, or rather of generals with anything imposing in the way of a record. Excepting the Archduke Albert, and perhaps one other officer, we seek in vain for an Austrian general who has been proved and tried. Since the days of Radetzky, Arcduke Albrecht is the only one of note. But he is an old man now, and could not count for much in a war. His famous feat of arms at Custozza, where he defended the Italian Quadrilateral against Victor Emmanuel, will be long remembered. A fine, soldier-like old man, the loss to Austria will be heavy when he dies, and already the question is being asked, 'Who shall take his place?'

Count Pegasevitch is Austria's leading cavalry officer. He is perhaps the best general for dash and hard fighting qualities that the army possesses. Pegasevitch is a native of Crotia, and commands the Fourth Army Corps.

The chief of the staff is General Von Beck, a native of Baden. He presents a combination of the slow, plodding qualities of the Moltke type without displaying any of his genius. General Von Beck's brothers are in the German service. His record is not a notable one, but he has seen service in the Austrian campaign of the past. General Von Herneck is a capable assistant to Von Beck, to whom he acts as deputy.—*Pearson's Monthly.*

FOR THE CITIZEN.

OIL AND WINE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Down the waste of weary years
Red with blood and stained with tears,
God! Thy chosen people pined
Sick at heart and passion-blind,
Searching still o'er shore and sea
Oil and wine from Galilee.

Down the wilderness of care,
Up the Calvary of despair
As we wend our cheerless way
Striving, struggling day by day,
Are there not for such as we
Oil and wine in Galilee?

Bondsmen in our native land,
Exiles on a foreign strand,
Outlaws from our homesteads hurl'd—
Rent and scattered o'er the world,
While the despot quaffs full free
Oil and wine from Galilee!

Down the ages we've but known
Darkness, crouching at his throne:
Lord we've suffered galling wrongs—
Cells and scaffolds, whips and thongs!
Give us now with liberty
Oil and wine from Galilee!

Tell us not that all in vain
Have we tilled the fields of pain—
That we'll reap, as we have sown,
Tare and thistle chaff and stone!
Give us, Lord, we beg of Thee,
Oil and wine from Galilee!

IN MEMORIAM.

At a recent meeting of Holy Family Court, No. 1, C.O.F., resolutions on the death of Mr. Christopher Yard, who died on Feb. 23, were passed as follows:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in his allwise providence to remove from our midst our late brother, Christopher Yard;

Resolved, That we deplore his sudden death, for his future prospects were very promising, as he was a young man of exceptional character, a good citizen, and practical Catholic.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the late brother, a copy spread on the records of the court, and also sent to THE CITIZEN for publication.

Signed: Leo P. Dwyer, J. J. Collins, and J. C. Graham, committee on resolutions.

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Holy Family Court also passed the following on the death of Mr. Thomas Taylor:

WHEREAS, It has been pleasing to the Almighty to take from our midst Brother Thomas Taylor, one of founders of the Catholic Order of Foresters; and

WHEREAS, He was a sincere and incessant worker in the ranks of all charitable and benevolent work, he was a loving husband and an affectionate and careful parent. May his soul rest in peace.

Resolved, That we place on record our deep sense of the loss sustained in his death by his family, his numerous friends, and the court of which he was an exemplary member.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of Holy Family Court No. 1; also that copies be sent to THE CITIZEN, the *New World* and the *Guide* for publication.

Signed: Leo P. Dwyer, J. J. Collins, and J. C. Graham, committee on resolutions.

HOME RULE FUND IN PHILADELPHIA.

At a great mass meeting recently held in Philadelphia, the following sums were subscribed for the Irish Home Rule Fund: Archbishop Ryan headed the list with a check for $300; Hugh and John McCaffrey $300, William Brice $100, Father Barry branch $100, Gen. Jackson branch $100, Rev. Hugh Lane branch $100, The Limerick Guards $100, Wolfe Tone branch $150, James Stephens Literary Club $50, David McMenamin $50, M. J. Ryan $100, J. I. Rogers $100, Michael O'Rourke $50, Thomas Sexton branch $100, Patrick Sarsfield branch $100, M. A. Dempsey $25, John Dempsey $25, Rev. Thomas Barry $25, Donegal Beneficial Association $62, Commodore Barry branch $100, Peter C. Burke $25, Rowan & Parker $25, Robert Dover $25, Owen Kelly $25, Rev. Edward Prendergast $25, Rev. Gerald P. Coghlan $25, Michael Cavill $25, Rev. Dr. Kiernan $25, Rev. D. Loughlin $25, Davitt branch $100, Dr. M. O'Hara $25, Rev. Michael Donovan $25, Rev. Luke V. McCabe $25, T. M. Daly $50, Capt. George Twibill $25, John A. Lonergan $25, Thomas Curran $50, T. J. Gallagher $25, James Hagan $25, Daniel Gallagher $25, John M. Doyle $100, Rev. W. P. Gough $25, F. Falls $25, A. McDermott $2, M. Bradley $25, F. McDonald $25, J. Muldoon $25, J. McSorley $2, J. Henry $25, William Low $5, J. Tracy $25, J. Quigley $25, J. Healy $1, James A. O'Brien $25, and others in small sums amounting to about $200.

HENRY L. HERTZ INJURED.

The Popular ex-Coroner is Run Over by a Cable Train and Loses One of His Limbs.

Mr. Henry L. Hertz, ex-coroner of Cook county, and late candidate for the State treasurership on the Republican ticket, met with a terribly severe accident last Tuesday, which resulted in the loss of his left foot, immediately above the ankle. Mr. Hertz was on his way to the city hall, and, being in a hurry, he did not wait for the cars to stop. He stopped to buy a paper of a boy, just below North avenue, and the transaction was closed as the grip passed him. He ran into the street and caught the front railings of the first trailer with both hands. The grip then made a lurch, the trailer jumped after it and Mr. Hertz lost his balance. He felt himself falling, and tried with his foot to shove himself from the car. His left leg went across the track. The wheel caught it at the ankle and the train and grip went tearing on, with Mr. Hertz' head grating along on the blocks and a dozen men shouting for the gripman to stop. The man at the lever, C. S. Smith, had not noticed Mr. Hertz attempting to board the trailer, neither had Conductor Steen, and the former did not realize why the men on the avenue were yelling at him. The Milwaukee grips are long affairs, with half the car boxed up for passengers. He was thus unable to see what was going on behind him. At last he stopped his train, and a dozen hands were at work to release the bleeding man. The car was rolled back, revealing the foot, shoe and clothing ground to pulp and the trousers torn completely off. There was an ugly gash under the right eye and blood was flowing from other cuts. He was taken to his home, No. 632 North Hoyne avenue, where amputation was performed by Doctors Hektoen and Fenger. It is hoped that he is no danger of losing his life, although the shock to his system has been necessarily severe. His wife was thrown into hysterics when he was carried into the house. Mr. Hertz bore his sufferings bravely, as became him. No citizen of Chicago is better known in city, county or state politics. He is a native of Copenhagen, Denmark, but he is German by direct descent. He came to Chicago in 1867, having graduated with honor from the university of his native city, and his first employment was as clerk in the Scandinavian bank, as he came here equipped with excellent introductory letters from the friends of his father, Martin Hertz, who was a man of importance in the Danish capital. He subsequently served as record writer in the Recorder's and Criminal court clerk's offices, and was elected coroner in 1884, being again elected in 1888, each time by handsome majorities. He has always been an active Republican, but his warm personal friends are by no means confined to his party. THE CITIZEN is sincerely sorry for Mr. Hertz, and hopes that he will speedily recover from the effects of his painful accident.

ROBERT EMMET LITERARY SOCIETY.

Few who had attended the first meeting of the above society, called together a few months ago, in the parlor of McCoy's European Hotel, by Miss Fanny O Grady, ever expected that the organization would have reached its present unprecedented success. However, the objects of the society, viz.: to band together the young Irish and Irish-Americans of the city for the purpose of keeping alive the poetry of their native country and to perpetuate the memory of the heroic women who fought against the forces of the British crown, at the siege of Limerick, by the erection of a statue, were destined from the outset to meet with a fair measure of success. The representative meetings which have been held and the interest evinced by all present have been matter of surprise to even its most ardent supporters, and has left little doubt that the gathering will be one of the most healthy Irish societies in the city. The regular monthly public meeting was held at Father Matthew's hall, corner of Miller and Taylor streets, on Tuesday evening and was well attended. The hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion, the American and Irish colors being well blended, was crowded to its utmost limits, many having to put up with the inconvenience of standing. Miss Fanny O'Grady, preident of the society, occupied the chair. Other members present were: Miss Mary Noonan, vice-president; Miss Annie O'Connell, second vice president; Miss Josie Noonan, treasurer; Miss Mary O'Grady, financial secretary; Miss May Manning, recording secretary; Miss Nellie Henneberry, corresponding secretary; Misses Tessie Delaney, May Clarke, May McDonnell, Maggie Kane, Winnie Shookie, B. O'Brien, Emma Messer, Annie Cahill, Delah Cahill, Maggie Dawson, Nonie Dawson, Teresa Ryan, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss O'Connell, Miss Mahony. Messrs. E. F. Ryan, Thomas J. Corlan, Bernard J. Mahony, Con O'Donnell, William Burke, P. D. Fitzgerald, Bat Mahony, M. Loftis, M. English, Thomas O'Neil Jones, John O'Connell, J. Kelleher, James Cahill, Con Kelly, M. Mulvihill, J. Riordan, L. Burke, J. Burke, John Cahill, P. Guerin, Richard Ryan and others. The lady president called the meeting to order, and, after a few opening remarks, introduced Lawyer E. F. Ryan as iecturer for the evening.

Mr. Ryan received quite an ovation, and dwelt at length on the benefits derived from such a society. He severely criticised the actions of some who considered it an honor to deny the land of their birth, and cautioned the lady members of the society against encouraging such men, as he held that the man who denied his country would also deny his God and could never become a good American citizen. He then gave an interesting account of the siege of Limerick in the most eulogistic language, interspersed with poetry, which illustrated his remarks in a very forcible manner.

Miss Anna Cahill gave selections on the piano and responded to a general encore by a fine rendering of "Patrick's Day," with variations. Miss Tessie Delaney's sweet voice was next heard and she responded to a call by singing her favorite, "The Shamrock From Glenore." Miss Teresa Ryan gave several selections on the piano, including the "Wearing of the Green" with variations, and responded to an encore by singing "Sweet Jennie, the Flower of Kildare." Miss May Clarke recited "Revenge Our Martyrs" in a most enthusiastic manner, which was quite characteristic of the pure Celt. Miss and Mr. O'Connell sang "An Exile's Longings," Miss Ryan having played the accompaniment. Miss Nellie Henneberry next gave selections on the piano, and Miss Messer sang and played an accompaniment. Mr. Ryan recited "The Battle of Fredericksburg." Miss B. O'Brien then sang, and Con O'Donnell, B. J. Mahony and Thomas J. Condon delivered short addresses, after which all the members joined in singing "God Save Ireland." Miss Ryan and Mr. M. J. Sampson having played the accompaniment on the piano and violin. The next public literary meeting will be held in the same hall on Thursday, April 18, when Lawyer M. J. English will deliver an address.

OBITUARY

MRS. MARY J. HOGAN.

Mrs. Mary J. Hogan, sister of the late J. B. and M. J. Sullivan, who was, for many years, a resident of Chicago, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Henderson, No. 101 W. Seventy-first st., New York, on Wednesday morning, after a brief illness. She was in her 56th year, and was born in Canada, but removed with her family to Troy, N.Y., in her early youth. She married, early in life, Mr. D. Hogan, a prominent citizen of Troy, and, at his death, removed to this city, where she engaged in business and was successful until chronic indisposition compelled her to retire. In her earlier life—in fact up to within a few years ago—Mrs. Hogan was a woman of great personal attractions, and was gifted with a keen wit and ready humor that made her delightful in the social circle. Her spirits were always buoyant, and the "blues" were an unknown quantity in her sunny nature. Besides, she was the very soul of hospitality, and counted her personal friends by the thousand. Mrs. Hogan leaves four grown up children: John Hogan, chief assistant to the attorney general of New York state, who resides at Albany; Mrs. Katie Bishop, of Chicago; and Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Slosson of New York City. The Rev. Father Hogan, of Watertown, N.Y., is her brother-in-law. The interment will be at Troy.

MRS. OWEN M'CARTHY.

Mrs. Owen McCarthy died at her residence, No. 192 South Sangamon street, on Tuesday. Her husband, Mr. Owen McCarthy, is one of the oldest residents of this city, and has seen it grow up from an insignificant village to its present metropolitan proportions. The old couple were blessed with a numerous family, but most of their children were summoned to the better land in the prime of their youth. Those who still survive are David McCarthy, J. McCarthy, Mrs. Peter J. Hennessy and Miss Julia McCarthy. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning from the house to St. Patrick's church, which was filled with mourners. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Rev. T. F. Galligan, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Butin and Sullivan. The pastor preached the obituary sermon, in which he dwelt at length on the Catholic piety and Christian virtues that had distinguished the lamented lady in the course of her long life. All present were affected by the remarks of the preacher, and particularly the widowed and venerable husband, whose lifelong and devoted companion the good woman had been. At the conclusion of the services, the remains were reborne to the hearse, followed by Mr. McCarthy and the immediate relatives of the deceased—Messr. D. and J. McCarthy, Miss McCarthy, Colonel and Mrs. P. J. Hennessy, Messrs. Thomas F. and Eugene Keeley and the Misses Keeley; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hennessy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heunessy. There were also present, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Onahan, Miss Onahan, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Callaghan, Mr. Washington Hesing, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Dunphy, Mrs. M. A. Mulligan, Miss Nugent, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Carroll, Col. J. C. K. Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Enright, Capt. Thomas Brenan, Mr. D. J. Gallery, Mr. C. C. P. Holden and many others. And immense cortage escorted the relics to Calvary cemetery where they were laid to rest.

DEATH OF OFFICER HEALY.

Persons who frequently cross Madison and Dearborn streets at their intersection have for some time missed a familiar face, says the *Record* of Monday. They will never see it again. Edward Healy, the patrolman who took care of pedestrians at that corner, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. McMahon, No. 3557 Walnut street, early Sunday morning. In December, 1891, Officer Healy stopped a runaway on Dearborn street near Madison. He fell beneath the horse and was fearfully injured before he brought the animal to a standstill. For six months after that gallant deed he was laid up, and never afterward was he in good health. A short time ago he contracted pneumonia, and despite all medical assistance the disease made rapid inroads, with the result that death came Sunday. Edward Healy was born in county Galway, Ireland, thirty years ago. When about 17 he crossed the ocean and came to Chicago. He at once entered the employ of the Chicago City Railway Company and continued there until March, 1877, at which time he was put on the police force. Last fall he was awarded the May medal for bravery on account of the fearlessness displayed in stopping the runaway mentioned above. The funeral took place Wednesday morning at 9:30 from the Church of the Nativity, corner Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, with interment at Calvary. Deceased was a member of the Independent Order of Forester and of the Policemen's Benevolent Association, which two organizations had charge of the funeral arrangements. THE CITIZEN desires to say of Mr. Healy, in addition, that he was modest, as well as brave. He was a splendid man physically, and his character was frank, manly and earnest. He was wholly absorbed in his duty, and no danger could unnerve him. His death is a great loss to the Chicago police force. Little less than a year ago, his brother, Officer John Healy, succumbed also to pneumonia. Police duty in this city, when the men are conscientious, is very severe, and THE CITIZEN, while it believes in rigid economy, does not think that the pay given the men is high enough for the work they are called upon to perform. Either the pay or the force should be increased to a reasonable extent, and we think a comparatively small force, well paid, would be more efficient than a large force poorly paid. None but the best men, such as Officer Healy and others of his kind, who do not fear to risk their lives in the cause of humanity, should be appointed. To divorce the police from politics, and increase their pay, according to efficiency would be a good method to pursue.

MISS REBEKAH STICKLEY CORBIN.

A TELEGRAM from Washington, D. C., of date April 3, says: "The friends of Colonel and Mrs. H. C. Corbin, both in and out of the army, will be pained to learn of the death of their youngest daughter, Miss Rebekah Stickley Corbin, which occurred last night. Fifteen years ago, while serving on the frontier of Texas, the family of Colonel Corbin was suddenly attacked by a fever of a malignant type, which, though apparently submitting to treatment, left ineradicable traces of its terrible work. One after another four of the five little ones which once constituted one of the happiest families in the army have passed away. The funeral, which will be private, will be held tomorrow at the family residence in this city. The remains will be taken to Wilmington, Ohio. The family removed to this city only a short time ago from Chicago, where the colonel had been stationed for several years."

DANIEL K. FITZPATRICK.

At 4 o'clock on Tuesday Daniel K. Fitzpatrick, at one time a member of Hooley's stock company, was found dead in Frank Queenan's room at No. 840 West Harrison street. Fitzpatrick was an actor of note in his early days. He was 50 years old and lived in Waukegan. Dan Fitzpatrick was well known in Chicago among those citizens who patronized Hooley's stock company in the old days. He then played low comedy roles, and acquitted himself creditably if not prominently. Of late years he often figured in the benefits for his professional brethren. A few weeks ago Mr. Hooley offered him his cozy house on Randolph street for the purpose of a benefit for himself. "Arrah-na-Pogue" was the play, Fitzpatrick himself taking the part of Shaun. The entertainment was gratifying in every respect.

"Six days shalt thou labor," says the great lawgiver. To do good work, man must be at his best. This condition is attained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It overcomes that tired feeling, quickens the appetite, improves digestion, and makes the weak strong.

Make Haste to Defend Yourself

If you live in a locality where malaria is prevalent, with a preventive that experience indicates as the most reliable of medical safeguards—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Entirely free from the objections—and they were valid ones—which attach to the mineral alkaloid quinine, it is far more effective, and its effects are not evanescent, but lasting, unlike those of the drug. There are portions of our land—and none more beautiful and more fertile—which at no season of the year are entirely exempt from the malarial scourge. In such regions Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has undergone a continuous test for the past forty years, with results which have established its reputation beyond all cavil as a special defense against every form of malarial disease. For biliousness, also, it is an acknowledged specific, and it is a potent remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism an and impoverished condition of the blood.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Tailor.

126 Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

IMPORTANT.

An industrious Catholic lady or gentleman to represent our new book just published, "The Columbian Jubilee, or, Four Centuries of Catholicity in America." Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. Write for circulars and all information to the publishers,

J. S. HYLAND & CO.,
323-325 Dearborn, street, Chicago, Ill.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The class meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in City Clerk VanCleve's office, City Hall. MAURICE CREAN, Secy.

A VISION OF THE PAST.

Strange dreams of what I used to be
And what I dreamed I would be, swim
Before my vision, faint and dim
As misty distances we see
In pictured scenes of fairy lands:
And ever on, with empty hands,
And eyes that ever lie to me,
And smiles that no one understands,
I grope adown my destiny.

Some say I waver when I walk
Along the crowded thoroughfares,
And some leer in my eyes, and talk
Of dullness, when I see in theirs—
Like fishes' eyes, alive or dead—
But surfaces of vacancy—
Blank disks that never seem to see,
But glint and glow and glare instead.

The ragged shawl I wear is wet
With driving, dripping rains, and yet
It seems a royal raiment, where,
Through twisted torrents of my hair,
I see rare gems that gleam and shine
Like jewels in a stream of wine;
The gaping shoes that clothe my feet
Are golden sandals, and the shrine
Where courtiers grovel and repeat
Vain prayers, and where in joy thereat,
A fair prince doffs his plumed hat,
And kneels, and names me all things sweet.

Sometimes the sun shines, and the lull
Of winter noon is like a tune
The stars might twinkle to the moon
If night were white and beautiful—
For when the clangor of the town,
And strife of traffic softens down,
The wakeful hunger that I nurse,
In listening, forgets to curse.
Until—ah, joy! with drooping head
I drowse, and dream that I am dead
And buried safe beyond their eyes
Who either pity or despise.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE WATER DOCTOR.

"My well has went dry this summer—pinnb gave out last month, an the river three miles away. Hed to rig up a barrel on runners an haul all the water for the wimmen folks."

The speaker was a new settler in one of the coast range valleys of southern California, far from the great irrigation ditches and prosperous orange growing colonies. He was talking to a neighbor whose land claim was just over the ridge in a more fertile district. Gloriana, as the new settlement was named, had only two things to recommend it—the climate was fairly good and the land very cheap.

Otherwise it was a sorry place. The soil was shallow and very poor, the hills were low, barren and without streams, so that any irrigation system was impossible. Nevertheless the Morisons had given up their little home in northern Iowa and moved to California, actuated by the same motive that often led millionaires—the daughter could not stand the winters. They and dozens of other families were scattered through the hills trying to make a living by chopping wood, keeping bees and doing a little farming. And now the well had gone dry, adding another burden to those already so severe.

"All the wells hereabouts give out dry seasons," was the answer that Morison received. "There doesn't seem to be any water in the hills this side of the range."

"I don't see what to do, then. Bees was beginnin to pay, an I thort of plantin an orchard down on the beach. There's about an acre of good land down that way. The chickins is doin pretty well, too, but it do take a dreadful lot of water when you hev to haul it three miles."

"Well, Morison, mebbe Crane, the half cracked water doctor down at Sespe, might fix it up. He claims that he can find water; in fact, he does more than that. He's queer and crazy, but for 20 years people haven't been goin to his cabin after dark, there's so many electric wires and things that might explode underfoot and overhead."

"I don't care," said Morison, "I'll go see him right away."

Dr. Orlando Crane was very tall and shaggy, broad shouldered, massive, with an immense hooked nose and piercing eyes. He lived alone in a cabin at the head of a ravine, and he had arranged bell and wires along the narrow path so that he had ample warning of the approach of a visitor.

He received Morison with grave politeness, and listened to his story.

"That's all right," he said, "you new comers in that dry country need help. Certainly you do. But it isn't a little water more or less in your wells that you want; it's a river—a subterranean river—that I might be able to find. If one of my inventions was only a trifle nearer completed, I would make the river for you settlers."

"I hope so, doctor," said Morison, humbly.

"Yes, I will, and pretty soon too. I'll tell you all about it some of these days. It's only electric action makes water, and the earth is a great electric battery. There's a way to make gold, or diamonds or mineral water by electric action. I know all about it."

Morison had driven to Sespe, so Dr. Crane, "the world famous water developer," as his circulars stated, rode back to Gloriana that afternoon, carrying with him a long brass tube filled with clustered and tensely strung wires. He also had a simple galvanic battery to which the wires could be attached.

A number of the settlers of the mountain region assembled the next day to witness the operations of the necromancer, who fully appreciated his importance and surrounded his mystic art with every accompaniment of surprise. He showed the wondering company that as he approached a vessel of water the wires grew tenser and fairly sang like violin strings.

"I must say it's providential we heard of you," said Mrs. Morison, with heartfelt earnestness and entire conviction.

The water doctor finally began active operations at the lower corner of the Morison land claim and walked back and forth across it in various directions. At last he paused high up on the hillside and told his followers to observe the behavior of his instrument. There certainly was an electrical disturbance of a very violent sort, he said, and they were standing over an underground reservoir. He marked the exact spot, and the men began digging with violent energy, while the women and children sat on the slope and awaited results.

The doctor encouraged them by stories of his previous exploits. "There's no chance of failure with this electrical machine of mine. I call it the 'infallible water indicator.' The old forked stick of hazel will sometimes turn over water, but my way is a heap better. I know exactly how far you have got to dig and exactly how much water you'll find. I always know. Then, too, this machine tells me when I am over any mineral, such as gold and silver, and how far off it is; also how large the quantity. I should have been a rich man long ago if I wasn't so honest. I know of one man down at Sespe who has a mine on his land worth $1,000,000. I offered to show it to him for half, but he offered me only 10 per cent, and of course I let him simmer awhile. But I came out to give you newcomers a lift without any charge, except nominal, because you're a different kind."

After awhile the strain of excitement grew too great for speech. The men were far down in the pit they were sinking, and every few minutes they were relieved by others. Ten feet, 20 feet, 30 feet—a rude windlass had long been brought into use. Suddenly a hoarse cry rose from the well: "Water! Water!" An ample spring in a channel of rock had been uncovered in such wise that it was certain that a cut could be made so as to let it flow to the very door of the Morisons.

The old doctor's eyes fairly blazed with excitement. Any physician trained in obscure mental disorders would have recognized cerebral trouble in his look and manner. He burst forth into a shout of victory.

"Edison ought to be here!" he cried. "The man is all wrong on electricity. So are the rest of them. They have no system. I can make power direct from raw material. I can take the electricity straight out of the coal without burning it. I can set a machine at making water whenever a man wants it. This is the way nature does in the heart of the earth. Rivers are being created by electrical action in caverns where not a drop of rainwater can ever sink. This spring we have found has nothing to do with the surface and is not fed by rains. It is created by electrical action between two kinds of rock, and it will flow alike at all seasons."

The settlers listened in dumb amazement, but with full faith in every word. They named it the "Crane spring" and praised him with hearty enthusiasm. They feasted him on the best they had, escorted him back to Sespe and went way firm champions of the water doctor.

Dr. Crane was a man of more than ordinary ability, but his education had been slight and his powers were entirely unbalanced. Whether he really had the sensitive organization of the true seer, whether he was deceived or deceiver, sane or not wholly himself, no human being will ever know. But the records of whole districts, and even counties, remain to attest to the wonderful discoveries of hidden water that he managed to make at intervals, in many places, far apart. He made some egregious failures also, and in time the community was divided into two nearly equal bodies respectively arguing for and against his honesty. Meanwhile he still dwelt in his lonely cabin, brooding over a larger enterprise.

What was the use, he argued, of finding a spring now and then, or telling some poor settler where to find his well? Why not develop at one stroke a river—a large river in the Mohave desert—and so reclaim hundreds of thousands of acres of rich land? By dint of earnest representation of the fortunes to be obtained he succeeded in enlisting the help of a number of poor settlers in the vicinity of Sespe, Gloriana and other places. They agreed to go with him to the Mohave desert, dig a great pit in the spot chosen by the doctor and there develop the hidden river. Then, filing claims on the adjacent lands, they would lay out a town and establish a colony.

Thus it happened that a few weeks later The Weekly Venturan published an article that startled the people of three counties. It was headed in full-face screamers:

ORLANDO THE PROPHET.

HE SUCCUMBS TO OUR INTERVIEWER.

ARE WE ON THE VERGE OF A VAST INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION?

THE SAGE OF SESPE SAYS WE ARE.

These sentences, printed in the largest available type, loomed over a 8-column article that was in its way a masterpiece. Whoever wrote it had a fresh, vivid genius for expressing the situation. Crane's personal appearance, the very tones of his voice, his mingling of charlatan and fanatic, his whole nature and history, stood out as under a calcium light.

"Dr. Crane," said the reporter, "consented at last to disclose the scientific principles on which he worked, yielding to the argument that no one but himself could apply them."

"The ebb and flow of electricity makes and unmakes from the simple elements all forms of the animal, vegetable and mineral world. My discovery that the mineral that we call water is formed in immense quantities in the earth by electrical currents was followed by the greater discovery that all minerals are made in the same way. By modifying my apparatus for ascertaining the presence of water, I was able to discover the exact distance of deposits of minerals, also their nature and quantity. Proceeding a step farther, I became able to find certain places in caves and narrow canyons, where the natural flow of the electric current caused the slow deposit of various minerals. There are mines in the Sierras where gold is regularly and consistently formed in the lower levels.

"After the hidden river of the Mohave is revealed, I shall find mountains of the precious minerals. The next thing will be to make trees grow to full size in a day or an hour. That will take larger machinery, but it can be done. The full control of animal life will take still longer."

"But what is the underlying principle, doctor?" asked the reporter.

"Haven't I made it as plain as a primer? Don't I say it is electricity, and nothing else? If I can handle it, I can get away with all the rest of them."

"You certainly will. But how do you handle it?"

"To tell you the truth, it is a personal gift. I spin fine wires of steel and stretch them with other metals into an instrument that I call my 'diviner.' Then I tune it with whatever I want—water or iron or gold or any other metal—and fix it permanently on that keynote. After that wherever I take it it responds to that and that only. This is the way I make my instruments, and as I don't really suppose any one else can do it I have never applied for a patent. Of course if I said much about these matters people would think I was crazy, so I expect to find the river first, then I can do more."

"Tell me about the river."

"I heard it a few weeks ago on the Mohave desert. It is several hundred feet wide and 30 feet deep, flowing far under ground, except at one place, where it can be reached easily. Within a year after its discovery thousands of farms will be taken up, and the desert will become one of the gardens of the world."

The Venturan explained at much length the inventor's theories of colonization and ended by advising those who had leisure and a little money to spare to "take a trip to the Mohave to watch the modern Moses perform his great transformation act."

November saw 100 pioneers gathered at the mouth of a rocky ravine at the end of a chain of rocky mountains that thrust themselves far into the desert. Their horses were staked out in the midst of cactus and yuccas; wagons full of hay, water, provisions—hauled 25 miles from the nearest oasis—were scattered about the camp. Dr. Crane had chosen the place and marked the exact spot where he said the river was hardly 50 feet underground.

The men dug through several feet of hard sand, then reached a tough, red clay. They toiled in a great pit that steadily descended until one nightfall the doctor announced that on the morrow the river would be reached. He marked the course of the coming river across the barren desert and far out on the plain; the wagons were moved to a place of safety, and every thought was given up to rejoicing.

At midnight the wind changed, the temperature fell sharply; an old prospector who had spent half his life in the Arizona deserts woke and went from man to man rousing them to bring in the animals and seek shelter among the higher rocks away from the mouth of the ravine. "There is a storm coming!" he cried. "I have seen storms in such places before now." By dint of much energy he was at last able to move the party out of the direct sweep of the canyon.

Presently the storm arose, terrible as the desert itself, heralded by a mighty wind, darkened by wild clouds and blinding sheets of rain. Just at break of day, when the storm was at its height, while the desert for miles was under water, while the railroad track was being swept away, and the hills were being furrowed by thousands of new channels, there came a louder noise from the deserted pit in the ravine. The men, clinging to shelters among the great bowlders on the hill, saw a high, white wall of water moving like a flash across the flat, as if new risen from the chasm they had cut with their shovels.

"It is the river bursting out!" cried Dr. Crane, leaping forward to meet it and stumbling into the foaming current.

"It's a cloudburst, boys, and the old doctor's gone forever!" shouted the prospector as he rushed vainly from his shelter.

By an hour after sunrise the water had spread far over the plain and disappeared from sight; the sky was clear; the storm was ended. A mile distant upon the drenched sand the body of the water doctor was found and laid to rest on the hillside. Rudely carved upon a granite bowlder, the epitaph still remains to arouse the curiosity of an occasional hunter or prospector: "Orlando Crane, Water Docter. Drowned In the Desert." Date and age follow, and that is all.

The followers of the dead man continued to sink the pit until it was far below the assigned depth. Some of them gave up then; others continued to toil on in dogged despair; a few declared roundly that they might bore to the middle of the earth before they found water. One after the other the followers of the late Orlando Crane collected their horses from the plain, gathered up their belongings and abandoned the water claim in the Mohave. They drifted back to the fertile valleys of the coast, and little by little the memory of the episode passed out of the thoughts of men, until even in Gloriana the waters that once gushed from beneath the magician's rod have lost their earlier name and are now the "Morison springs."—Charles Howard Shinn in Argonaut.

Balaam and the Ass Up to Date.

The sun of the golden May morning was streaming through the branches of the trees that lined the walk, and the sweet spring air, just touched with a fading memory of frost, caused the blood to rush through the veins and rendered my Sunday morning walk pleasant and invigorating.

I had just passed a stately church, from which the school children were emerging, some running and romping, some quiet and orderly and some clustered around their teachers. Ahead of me was a little group composed of a teacher and seven or eight scholars, among which was the regulation bad boy.

The subject of their conversation was "Balaam and the Ass," evidently the school lesson for the day. The teacher, a sweet faced young lady, was busy answering the questions of the children. Finally one of the youngest placed himself in front of her, walking backward, and said:

"Miss Anna, you said the ass spoke to Balaam. What did he say?"

"Why I am surprised that you don't know," answered the teacher. "Now, Jimmie," she said, turning to the bad boy, "you tell Frankie what the ass said to Balaam."

"He said 'Come off,'" answered Jimmie as he tripped one of his companions up.

"Why, James," said the horrified instructor. "What do you mean? What makes you think he said 'Come off?'"

"'Cause," answered the hopeful as I passed the group, "he knowed dat Balaam was onto him."—Chicago News.

The Wisdom of Fools.

Folly, in the abstract, has been denounced alike by Scripture and ancient heathen sages. "If I wish to look at a fool," says Seneca, "I have not far to look. I have only to look in a mirror." The Emperor Maximilian distinguished the dullest of his counselors by the title of the king of fools. Once when he addressed a prosy adviser by this title the gentleman neatly enough replied: "I wish with all my heart I were king of fools. I should have a glorious kingdom, and your imperial majesty would be among my subjects."—Youth's Companion.

HOTEL LEAVINGS.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE FOOD LEFT OVER IN RESTAURANTS.

Thousands of Poor People Subsist on the Fragments That Are Not Eaten, Though Paid For, In Every Large City—How It Is Distributed.

Persons who patronize restaurants often wonder what becomes of the food left over from their meals. Most of the down town eating houses are prodigal in their service, giving enough for two ordinary persons with each order. The result is that unless a man has a voracious appetite half his meats and vegetables are still in the dishes when he gets up to pay his check. What becomes of this surplus food? "A great deal depends upon circumstances," said an old time restaurateur in answer to this query. "Many houses have pensioners who snap eagerly at the leavings—men, women and children who otherwise would not know what a square meal is. A number save the scraps for the stockpot and rendering houses and others throw the whole mess into the swilltubs or burn it in their furnaces. This is not done in any spirit of niggardliness or churlishness.

"The Chicago restaurant keepers are as kindly and charitably disposed as any other class. But the question of economy has to be considered. To preserve the broken victuals for the poor would, in many instances, render more help necessary. The scraps would have to be carefully removed from the dishes, and one or two persons detailed to serve them out to pensioners. The money cost of this would be no small item in the weekly expense bill. Besides, there is a certain annoyance attached to the free distribution of food, which business men are anxious to avoid. Were it generally known that the leavings were to be given away, the restaurants would be overrun by a mob of people, some, of course, coming under the class of deserving poor, but the vast majority being of the idle, shiftless class, who will do anything rather than work for a living. Despite all these drawbacks, however, it is safe to say that there are not six of the better kind of restaurants which do not feed a dozen or more people daily with the overplus food of their customers."

A little calculation shows the quantity of broken victuals in the business section of the city to be enormous. Many of the restaurants feed over 1,000 between the hours of 12 and 2. Old waiters declare that two-thirds of their patrons are unable to eat half of what is set before them. It is estimated that if the surplus were properly served 5,000 or 6,000 poor people could be fed daily. But, as The Herald writer was informed, there are difficulties connected with this charitable disposition which the restaurateurs do not care to encounter. The bakery lunch counters, which have become so popular of late years, supply a great many needy families with bread, pies and other eatables. They do not deal extensively in meats or hot dishes, and consequently the surplus is easier managed.

Every Saturday night an interesting scene may be witnessed on South Clark street. Just as Kohlsaat's bakery is winding up its affairs for the week a crowd of children assemble at the doors. Nearly every one has pinched cheeks and eager eyes, and each carries a good-sized market basket. They file through the front door as soon as the last customer is served. The waiters fill their baskets with bread, pie, pork and beans and other wholesome food. Many of the children bring 5 or 10 cents to pay for the broken victuals; others have no money, but they are not turned away on that account. The small charge is made to preserve, in a measure, the independence of the deserving poor, who, as every sociologist knows, are often proud and retiring, and shrink from everything savoring of naked charity.

Along with the children at times are thinly clad women, who tell sad tales of hungry little ones at home. Then, too, appear men who look half famished and plead for victuals to carry them over Sunday. As a rule the crowd is well mannered and orderly, but during the very cold weather it became so large that an officer had to be detailed to prevent a blockade of the sidewalk. The faces of the children were quite a study. Keen and anxious when they enter the bakery, they emerge happy and smiling and bear away their loads with light hearts. To many families the basketful of food means the only store of strength for several days—it is the barrier which stops the pangs of actual starvation.

The Little Sisters of the Poor collect food from a number of hotels and restaurants. "I know of no more deserving people," said Colonel Parker, of the Grand Pacific; "they are not permitted to take any bequests, but must beg their living according to the regulations of their order. They do a vast amount of good. They are always at the beck and call of the sick and suffering poor, all being tenderly ministered to irrespective of race or religion. They send their wagons here every day, and we give them whatever food is left over. Then we distribute considerable among private families, selecting those whom it will do the most good. Perhaps 40 or 50 are fed daily in this way." Kinsley also gives the Little Sisters of the Poor whatever food is left by the customers.—Chicago Herald.

Prayer Partly Answered.

A Unitarian minister's little son had long set his small heart upon owning a bicycle. His papa told him to ask God for one, which the little supplicant proceeded to do with much zeal and faith. That night his papa and mamma bought the coveted machine and placed it close beside the little fellow's crib. Next morning they listened at the door to hear what their son and heir would say. The blue eyes opened and became instantly aware of the bicycle. Out of bed hopped the boy, exclaiming ruefully, "Good gracious, God! don't you know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?"—New York Tribune.

A Tale of Love and Robbery.

"I have just come from a scene of love and robbery," said Otis Hewitt of New York yesterday. "It was an interesting game, and my friend, who was the principal, got the worst of it. There was a family party in the hotel at Jacksonville, Fla., in which we were stopping. The party was composed of a man, his wife, his wife's 20-year-old sister and a child about 3 years old. My chum was very much smitten with the 20-year-old sister and danced attendance on her in great shape—flowers, theaters, boating, and all that sort of thing, you know. Well, one night, a quiet family game of poker was suggested, and of course he was in for it.

"Well, after awhile the cards began to come his way, and in one pot both he and the young woman began to bet against each other rather lively. His hand was a sure winner, and he kept betting it. The brother-in-law and his wife dropped out. Then the brother-in-law looked at the girl's hand and said he would back it for anything, and the betting got more lively. My friend considered that as he was winning the other fellow's money, he needn't care. After a while there was about $150 in the pot and they were still betting. At that point the child ran into the room, and running up to the table stood beside her aunt. Then the young woman said, 'Oh, by the way, this is Flossie's birthday; whoever wins the pot, let us give it to her.' Now, what could the fellow say? He had to agree. He won the pot and withdrew gracefully, but it's safe to bet that Flossie never gets the pot. It's the coldest case of robbery I ever heard of."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Eyes of a Fly.

How doth the fly detect the craftiness of thine approach and the suddenness of thine onslaught? Hast thou considered those orbed brown eyes of his? First, he winketh not, and remember that of the 20 pairs of gladiators matched by the Roman emperor, 'twas the two unwinking swordsmen who survived. For no briefest tick of time are the mirrors of M. D.'s (Musca domestica) sense shrouded over. Approach him on the right, and through 4,000 six sided lens facets he hath knowledge of thee. Approach him on the left, and thou art betrayed to his vigilance by another 4,000 windows. If thou menace him from above, he watcheth thee through three skylights in the roof! Place him on the thirtieth meridian of Mercator's projection, and shall he not take in at one glance the old world and the Americas and a starry creature of the zodiac overhead?

If thou be a physicist, adapt one of his myriad faced corneas, and with the help of a microscope thou shalt multiply a guardsman into a host of lilliputians and shalt enjoy a civic illumination at the cost of a farthing candle. But not thus doth M. D. take cognizance of creation. Rather doth he use his optical instruments in the fashion of a manifold stereoscope, and picture to himself the whole ring of the horizon in a single flash. That speck of "gray matter" at the center of his diminutive head is a magic mirror showing the circumference of all without. How he burnisheth those marvelous eyes with the silken brushes nature hath attached to his feet!—Good Words.

First Illustrator of America.

In the British museum there is preserved John White's original drawings in water colors illustrating Sir Walter Raleigh's voyage into Virginia in 1585. This John White was an English painter who was sent by Queen Elizabeth in 1585 to Virginia as principal draftsman in Raleigh's second expedition for exploring the country and planting his first "colonie." The expedition of seven ships was under the command of Admiral Sir Richard Grenville, the ancestor of the founder of the Grenville library in the British museum.

This first "colonie," consisting of 108 men, remained in Virginia one whole year and then returned to England in July, 1586, in Sir Francis Drake's fleet, then coming victorious from the West Indies, because the long expected supplies and reinforcements from England had not arrived. Fourteen days after their departure Sir Richard Grenville arrived with new stores and new planters, to find the old "colonie" deserted. Little is known respecting John White. It is recorded, however, that he made four voyages to Virginia and that during the second expedition he was appointed governor, in 1587. He was the grandfather of Virginia Dare, the first English child born in North America. In 1588 Theodore de Bry on a visit to London was induced to engrave the said drawings and his work was issued in 1590 in folio at Frankfort.

Copies of this book are very rare. There is a very imperfect one in the library in Harvard college.—Art Amateur.

A Wonder of Precocity.

Christian Heinecker was born at Lubeck on the 6th of February, 1721. When only 10 months old, he could repeat every word spoken to him. At 12 months of age he had memorized all the principal events mentioned in the Pentateuch. Before he had finished his second year of existence he had learned all the historical parts of both the Old and the New Testament. At the age of 3 he could reply correctly to all questions put to him regarding universal history and geography, and in the same year he learned to speak both Latin and French.

In his fourth year he employed his time in studying religions, especially the history of the Christian church. He was not only able to glibly repeat all that he had read, but was also able to reason with considerable of judgment and to give his own opinion of things in general. The king of Denmark wished to see this wonderful child, so he was taken to Copenhagen. After his return to Lubeck he learned to write, and was beginning on the study of music and mathematics, but his constitution being very weak, he took down and died on June 27, 1725, aged 4 years, 4 months and 21 days. What a wonderful record for such a short life.—St. Louis Republic.

GIRLHOOD IN ANCIENT GREECE.

Somewhat Restricted and Eminently Religious and Practical.

It would seem, judging from Miss Emily Penrose's lectures on early Athenian customs, that the women of ancient Greece, though they were fair to look upon and inspired the sculptured ideals that have ever since set the standard of womanly loveliness, really had a very prosaic and stupid time of it among all the old poets and philosophers. And that it is a great deal nicer to live now, even with a hoop in your skirt and a stiff derby on your head, than in those days of poetry and high art, when a woman had no clubs or leagues, no social science sisterhoods, no sewing coteries with nice men drifting in at the tea hour, no literary guilds or sanitary classes, no street cleaning organizations or hygienic fraternities, no nervous prostration, no crinoline, no careers and no stockings.

Little Athenian maids were kept closely in the women's apartments until they were married and very rarely appeared in public. They were taught reading, writing and dancing as accomplishments, but their real education consisted in learning to spin, to weave, to embroider and the treatment of simple illnesses among their slaves. They must also learn a great deal of elaborate ritual, as women took a prominent part in the family worship. In the courtyard garden in the center of the women's apartments the girls played among the flowers with their pet animals, the live playthings taking the place of the mechanical toys and talking dolls and small flirtations of today. At 7 years old a girl might become an Arrephoros—a most envied post—and take part in the festivals of Athens.

At 10 she might engage in the exciting operation of grinding the corn to make votive cakes for Artemis; after that take part in certain high festivals and processions. Girls were frequently married at 15, the husband being chosen by the mother. Marriage was looked upon as both a civil and religious duty, and it was thought desirable that the husband should be much older than the wife, but there could be little suspense or romance in so prosaic a wooing, and after the wedding a wife never went out unattended, but spent her time in looking after the house, superintending the slaves and preventing waste.

She was responsible for everything in her house, where all the food was prepared and all the clothing worn and made up. Her chief recreations were religious festivals and weddings, her only outside duties taking part in funeral ceremonies. Possibly this is the source of the inherent love of women for the mysticism of religion, the joy of weddings and the tragedy in death, for some women seem to enjoy the harrowing details of death's ceremonies as well as the melody of wedding bells. Still those unemancipated women inspired the poets to glad bursts of songs and gave to the artist exquisite models of womanly grace and to the historian examples of heroism and self sacrifice which justified by facts the noble conceptions of the great poets who sang the charms of women's virtue and beauty.

And they didn't have to fret because men wouldn't let them vote or worry because their last season's skirts would barely make sleeves for this season's gowns. So perhaps they were happier after all, and happiness is, next to beauty, the chief virtue of womanhood.—New York Sun.

A Desert Caravan.

A great caravan in march is a superb spectacle, alas! too infrequent now in northern Africa. At first Arabs alone can detect it, a mere speck lost in a dusty halo, whence it emerges at length, a tawny colored mass possessed of a strange motion, the swarming of a thousand lives in one. Here and there silhouettes of straggling camels stand profiled, like hieroglyphics, on the fiery sky, as, insensibly trailing its snakelike curves, the convoy advances.

Hours after being sighted it passes in slow defile, led by a vanguard of blooded camels, whose gait and bearing have an air of arrogance not customary to that race of proletarians, the chieftains seated aloft in their floating burnooses, alert of eye, with gun in hand, statuesque guardians of the convoy treasure. Behind them the camels of burden, exhausted less by loads than with the fatigues of the journey, their legs and croppers bald and scarred by blows, straggle forward languidly, thrusting out the tongue as they press their huge, spongy feet in the yielding ground. What resignation in their soft, staring eyes! Verily, no philosopher knows better than these poor brutes how inane are the revolts against inexorable fate.

Near at hand walk the drivers, their emaciated features savagely illumined by eyes of fire, and white, gleaming teeth piercing their parched lips. Of all who started with the caravan, how many have fallen by the way, abandoned to agonize alone in the desolation?—Scribner's.

Legends About the Moon.

"In Ceylon," says John Fiske, "it is said that as Sakyamuni was one day wandering half starved in the forest a pious hare met him and offered itself to be slain and cooked for dinner, whereupon the holy Buddha set it on high in the moon that future generations of men might see it and marvel at its piety."

In the Samoan islands these dark patches are supposed to be portions of a woman's figure. A certain woman was once hammering something with a mallet when the moon arose, looking so much like a breadfruit that the woman asked it to come down and allow her child to eat off a piece of it, but the moon, enraged at the insult, gobbled up woman, mallet and child, and there in the moon's belly you may still behold them.—New York Telegram.

Political Reasoning.

"You must vote, Jawkins," urged Smithers. "Every vote counts."

"Mine doesn't," said Jawkins. "I vote one way, but my coachman and gardener vote the other."—Harper's Bazar.

TOBACCO IN ENGLAND.

AN ENGLISH MANUFACTURER'S VIEW OF THE SOLACING DRUG.

The Workingman's Contempt For Cigarettes—What the Different Kinds of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco Are and How They Are Made Up.

No workingman, said an English manufacturer to a London journalist, will smoke cigarettes, and he has a contempt for the lighter, milder, "boys' tobacco," as he terms the qualities which are most in demand by the middle classes. Their names are legion, often fanciful, and the get up of the packages in lead foil and gold printed wrappings varies with every passing whim.

The tendency is to smoke the lighter kinds, and the run is upon navy cut, which virtually is the same as flake tobacco, which preceded it in popular favor.

Navy cut tobacco is simply tobacco which is partially manufactured, but the consumer persuades himself that a tobacco cannot be genuine unless he breaks it open himself by rubbing it in his hands. For flake and navy cut tobacco the leaf is pressed, and it is then passed under the knife and cut a little coarser than the ordinary sorts. A finely cut tobacco, of the milder kind, is hotter to the tongue than the stronger descriptions. It burns quicker, but the tobacco which is softer and slower in smoking is more potent. None is so powerful as cut cavendish, which is first made into a thick coil or cable, then pressed and afterward cut.

Descending into the cellars the visitor saw a number of presses, some of which contained in trays tobacco for flake or navy cut; others held blocks of cavendish and many more were filled with hanks of "negro head" in rows, square "nail rods" or rolls bound around with cloth and cord to sustain the pressure. Much of these tobaccos is consumed not in the pipe, but as a substitute for smoking when that luxury might be a dangerous one, as in mines, or not permitted by the regulations, as, for example, on board ship or in barracks at forbidden hours. It is not a pleasant thought, but the habit of chewing tobacco is increasing, and the trade has to meet the demand.

A first acquaintance with the balls of tobacco was made in the spinning room, where in the course of a year thousands of miles of leaf are spun into stout twine and are then wound into balls, if intended for Irish roll, Limerick roll, pigtail roll or bogy roll, or if it is to be manufactured into negro head it is twisted into hanks, which when pressed are in a convenient form for biting a bit off the end.

Tobacco of a darker description left in the press for some time becomes perfectly black with its own moisture. The reason for this change lies in the fact that the "blood vessels" of the leaf, which contain the nicotine, are crushed and the oil is absorbed into the whole leaf, the surplus exuding from the press as thick and blacker than treacle.

A hurried inspection only can be given to the cigars. The best of course are imported from Havana, whose manufacturers take care to retain the pick of the Cuban tobacco at home. But our imports of foreign cigars of all kinds do not represent more than £500,000 of duty, payable at the rate of 5s. 2d. per pound. We do not receive, it is said, more than 4,000 cases of cigars from abroad. Each case contains 100 boxes, or 10,000 cigars. Compared to the enormous number of British cigars manufactured these imports are infinitesimal. Without entering into the details of the work it is sufficient to say that a man can make, by the exercise of skill alone, with the simplest tools, 240 cigars in one day, while a girl can turn out of the cheaper kind from 200 to 300, but the latter require to be pressed in wooden molds to acquire the form which the skill of the man's hand alone supplies.

"A British cigar," the attentive member declares, "should not be sold for more than threepence. We band the best only, for banding is equivalent to a loss of profit of 5 per cent. Some tobacconists have not a foreign cigar in stock to sell."

It was the inspection of a snuff mill, closely resembling a mortar making machine, which suggested the remark: "Every snuff taker who dies lessens the consumption. We use the mill for grinding our refuse and sweepings into snuff, but not for sale. No. We return it to the customs to get a drawback or return of duty. The government authorities once exported this snuff to Jersey, but it came back. Then they tried to burn it, but it would not burn. They must get rid of it, and they want to make sure that it will not return to their hands again.

"What, then, does the custom house do with all the snuff, amounting to more than £150,000 per annum in value?"

"They must first analyze it, then ship it and take it down to the Nore, where they pitch it overboard loose, for if they threw the bags into the water, too, somebody would fish them up again. The bags they burn in the government kiln lest some one should buy them and shake the snuff off."

The Best Position For Healthy Sleep.

A doctor writing in a medical paper says: "An immense number of people sleep on the left side, and this is the most common cause of the unpleasant taste in the mouth in the morning, which is generally attributed to dyspepsia. If a meal has been taken within two or three hours of going to bed, to sleep on the left side is to give the stomach a task which is difficult in the extreme to perform. The student of anatomy knows that all food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation, which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also interfered with considerably, and the lungs are unduly compressed. It is probable that lying on the back is the most natural position, but few men can rest easily so, and hence it is best to cultivate the habit of sleeping on the right side."

Catching Fish While Asleep.

"Never saw a fish asleep, eh?" said Cornelius Hinman, who is located at the Lindell. "Well, I have. I've seen them sleep sound and much to their sorrow, especially catfish. There is nothing more wary than a fish. You know that you can't creep up on them nor drop a pebble anywhere within 50 feet of them but what they will dodge away—that is, when they are not asleep. How I come to know so much of this is that I have caught them without bait when they were sleeping, although I did use a hook and line. The first one that I ever caught this way was a large catfish that I observed daily to be in one particular spot—the base of a wooden pile that protected an icehouse chute that led out into the water. A kind of nest was there, a depression in the mud, and here that catfish was to be found every day at about 2 p. m. It would lay for hours in the rays of the afternoon sun and never move.

"I decided to catch it. First I fished around there day after day, but to no purpose. Bait of any kind wasn't any inducement to that catfish. I concluded that it must be asleep when it would allow a fat minnow to swim by and never touch it. I got a sharp plain hook, which I properly weighted, so that it would act direct. I lowered it and moved it slowly up to the side of the fish. Then I turned the line so that the hook was directly under it. Then I gave the hook a quick jerk. The catfish darted away, but not very far. I had him foul, and all because he was sleeping. I have caught prickly and sunfish the same way at least a dozen different times."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Her Chat With the Emperor.

Mrs. Flyer had just returned from Europe. Of course the "Woman's club" was eagerly watching for her arrival, and just as soon as she got back a reception was tendered to her. The room was crowded, and Mrs. Flyer became the center of a group of interested listeners. Everybody wanted to know just what she had done and how she had done it, whether she got her gloves and silks in all right, etc. At last Miss Perkins said, "And did you go to Berlin?"

"Oh, yes. And really I did have the most delightful time. I was at a reception one night and met the emperor."

There was a silence. The magnitude of the thing astonished the club. But curiosity conquered, and Mrs. Flyer went on:

"Yes, he was there with all his officers, and I did have such a delightful conversation with him."

"Oh, tell us about it. Did you talk long?"

"No, you see my German isn't very good, and I was a little bit flustered, so I only asked him a question or two."

"And what did you say?"

"Oh, I just smiled and said 'Sprechen sie Deutsch?'"—Boston Budget.

Comforts and Dangers.

Many of the comforts of modern life can only be enjoyed at the risk of serious accidents. Leaking gas pipes cause explosions, and the death roll for which that new agent, electricity, is responsible is already considerable. Each severe frost brings its crop of boiler accidents. Paraffin lamps continue to explode. Every day or every night there are fires, many of which lead to frightful accidents and often death.

The large masses of people gathered together in a huge city like this are exposed to constant attacks from those insidious enemies, the bacteria. The dust and soot and fog foster these enemies of human life. The ground under London is honeycombed with drainage pipes, large and small, measuring thousands of miles. Each mile of drain is charged, sometimes at high pressure, with poisons sufficient to kill hundreds of the healthiest men. It is enough to make us shudder to think that only a few feet divide us from a gigantic, death dealing octopus. So that it appears if we give up traveling we run an almost equal peril in staying at home.—"Suffering London."

A California Lumber Flume.

The county of Fresno, Cal., boasts of a flume 52 miles long, built of timber throughout and designed for conveying lumber from the place of felling in the Sierra Nevada mountains to the plains below. In section the flume is V shaped, the angle being 90 degrees. The V is 21 inches deep and for the most part 3 feet 7 inches across the top, this width being increased, however, at various points where a decrease in the grade necessitates a larger volume of water to carry the timber, the lower terminus being 5 feet 4 inches wide by 31 inches deep.

The main supply of water is received from a lake near its head, but four additional feeders are led into it at different points along its length. The sides of the flume are constructed of 1½-inch boards, and the structure is carried on trestle work for nearly the whole length, these trestles being as many as 130 feet high in some of the deep canyons crossed by the flume. The steepest grade is one of 1,200 feet to the mile, maintained for about 3,000 feet.—Chicago Tribune.

Savages Who Know Little Arithmetic.

In Galton's "Tropical South Africa" it is stated that the Dammaras use no term beyond three, and that when they wish to express four they take to their fingers. Beyond five they cannot count at all. It is seldom, however, that they lose in a bargain through their inability to count. When bartering, each sheep or ox, or whatever they may be selling, must be paid for separately. If this rate of exchange were at the rate of two sticks of tobacco for one sheep, it would greatly puzzle a Dammara to accept four sticks for two sheep. Galton says that he several times paid them in that way, and that the Dammara forthwith set aside two sticks for one of the sheep, and even when he found that he had two sticks left for the other sheep he still had his doubts as to the genuineness of the transaction and was not satisfied until two sticks were put into his hand and one sheep driven away, and then another two sticks given to him for the other sheep.

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St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

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FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 22 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

The Different Hedge Plants.

Prospective planters of hedges may be assisted in making a decision by the following from Country Gentleman, whether the hedge be for ornament or with a view of forming a farm inclosure: "The selection must vary with locality, some succeeding well in one place and not in others. Where there is a good natural or artificial drainage and the winters are not too severe the osage orange is quite successful. In other places the honey locust does well, provided it is well cut back at the right time of year. The privet has a handsome natural hedgy growth, but is apt to die out in patches. The buckthorn is a hardy, thick grower, requiring less cutting back than some others, and when two or three barb wires are stretched lengthwise through its center while growing it becomes an efficient barrier. The barberry makes a beautiful hedge with little cutting and forms a good barrier with the barb wire center. Beautiful evergreen hedges are made of Norway spruce or hemlock, strengthened with wire in the same way. The arbor vitæ, or white cedar, has been much used, but will not bear its own shade without becoming too thin in foliage.

A Curious Irish Tradition.

Ireland is a country rich in traditions, and in places every inch of the ground has its queer history and some quaint story attached to it. For instance, not far from Belfast there is a romantic old well in a curious hollow of the hills called Barnas gap. The well is known as Barnas well and is filled at the bottom with white stones, the heather around being covered with pieces of rags. Close, too, is a large mound composed of stones, which is said to cover the bones of a holy friar long since dead. Every visitor to the well appears to make it a practice of adding a stone to the heap already there, but for what reason it is impossible to say.—Million.

A New Potato Food.

A new substance called torrefied pulp is being prepared from the potato. Its main use is for feeding cattle, but with boiling water it is said to form a palatable soup, and can be made into good breadstuff when mixed with wheat or rye flour. The potatoes are ground, and the pulp, after being pressed until most of the water is excluded, is sliced and dried in a furnace. The heating process is continued just long enough to give a pleasant taste to the product without converting its starch into dextrin.—Ex

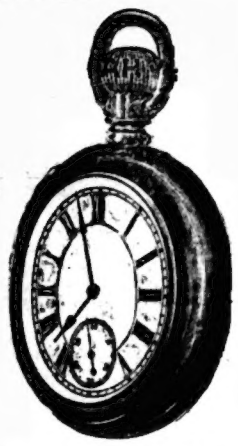
An Aggravating Speech.

One of the wits of the parliament house is said to have observed on the occasion of Judge Deas' promotion to the honor of knighthood, "The queen may make George Deas a knight, but no one will ever make him a gentleman." Deas was quite able, however, to hold his own, and he punished the wits when they came to make their maiden speeches before him. "Prisoner at the bar," he once said to an unfortunate wretch on whose behalf an infant advocate had been feebly urging "extenuating circumstances," "everything that your counsel has said in mitigation I consider to be an aggravation of your offense."—San Francisco Argonaut.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by 'The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get your figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion and stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of hignly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

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No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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ESTATE OF JOHN LAVERY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Lavery, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1893, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 28, 1893.

ELLEN LAVERY,
Administratrix of said estate.

E. J. McArdle, Attorney for said estate.

ESTATE OF CHARLES H. REUTER, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Charles H. Reuter, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A.D. 1893, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 24, 1893.

JANE REUTER,
Administratrix of said estate.

E. J. McArdle, Attorney for estate.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term, A. D. 1893. Archibald Wilson vs. Eva Catharine Wilson. In Chancery. No. 4,433. Gen. No. 145,107. Affidavit of non-residence of Eva Catharine Wilson, defendant in the above entitled cause named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Eva Catherine Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February, A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Compl'ts. Sol'r.

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